

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

BY

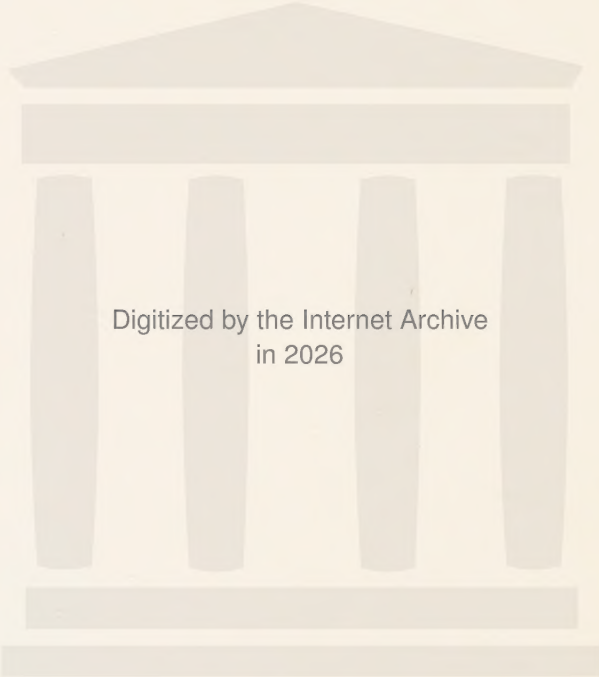
James H. Shaw.

GOOD HEALTH
AND HOW TO KEEP IT FOR
A HUNDRED YEARS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS







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*Yours Sincerely,
J. Austin Shaw,*

55 Years Young. Weight, 175.

Photo. June 24th, 1905, one month after his
45-day fast was broken.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD GOOD HEALTH

HOW TO KEEP IT
FOR A HUNDRED YEARS

The Secret of Long Life
The Conquest of Sickness
The Path to Perfect Health
The Value of True Scientific Living

A RECORD OF THE MOST WONDERFUL
FAST IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

By J. AUSTIN SHAW

ILLUSTRATED

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DEDICATION.

TO my loving wife, whose encouragement, faith and fearlessness in my behalf during this fasting experience helped to make its accomplishment possible; to Charles Courtney Haskell of Norwich, whose unselfish enterprise inspired the publication of this book, and whose advice and teaching made safety in the long continuance of this experiment assured; and to sick and suffering humanity everywhere, longing to be free from the dominion of drugs and the fear of death, I dedicate this volume, in the hope that its story may point the way to Perfect Health and Happiness for all who read it.

J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Sketch of the Author's Life.

J. AUSTIN SHAW, the author of this book, was born in Canada, in the village of Oshawa, near the city of Toronto. His father came to Canada from the north of Yorkshire, England, about 1840. His death from Bright's disease at the early age of fifty-seven has been a constant reminder to his son of the possibilities of heredity, and until his adoption of "True Scientific Living," less than three years ago, Mr. Shaw gave every indication of "following in his father's footsteps." In fact, he had about made up his mind to accept the inevitable, and for a long time, with life insurances and fraternal society protections, had "kept his house in order," and provided thereby for the comfort of his family. Now, with his weight reduced from two hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and seventy-five he sees no good reason why the "last rites" should not be postponed indefinitely, being in the full enjoyment of perfect health.

His mother was born in the United States, of American parentage, and lived with her only child until her death, at the age of eighty years, retaining her faculties to the last.

Many years of her life were spent in teaching, and her son inherited her love for study, and took charge

of his first school at the age of sixteen, having secured a first-class life certificate before commencing this engagement.

He devoted his spare time to study while teaching, in preparation for college.

A union at the age of eighteen with the Methodist Church, seemed to open up a path of duty to his enthusiastic ambition that involved the work of the ministry, and for two years, in addition to his duties as teacher, he devoted his Sundays to "local preaching" with great success.

Constant study left him before he was twenty-one physically unable to continue mental work and closed the opportunity for a college and professional career. Travel and out-door life became a necessity for the preservation of his health, and the foundation for a business life was laid.

His success as a salesman of horticultural products encouraged him to continue in this line until his health was restored, and he was called to the management of a large retail Nursery house in Toronto. His advancement was rapid, and it was not long before one of the leading Rochester, N. Y., nursery establishments offered him a partnership. His success there was immediate and in a few years he had gained a competency, and was known through his hundreds of salesmen from one end of the country to the other.

Ambition to grow with his competitors and forgetfulness of the motto, "Let well enough alone," led him to the metropolis and to the establishment of an eastern headquarters for his business in New York.

The addition of a florist business with its stores,

greenhouses and numerous responsibilities, combined with the business reverses of ten years ago, proved too heavy a burden to carry, and sacrificing his entire property in New York and Rochester, and paying one hundred cents on the dollar, found him again with reputation unsullied, and hope dominant, at "the foot of the ladder," but with no intention of giving up the "battle of life."

Since 1895 he has represented many of the best known horticultural houses of the country, visiting nearly every state in the Union, and making friends innumerable in all the large cities. Mr. Shaw has been an "Odd Fellow" for over thirty years, and is also a member of the "National Union" and "Royal Arcanum."

Nearly three years ago he accepted the eastern management of the leading trade horticultural journal of America, "The Florists' Review" of Chicago, with which he is still connected.

Mr. Shaw has a charming wife, whose experience in teaching and literary work has been as varied as his own. Their three daughters inherit the ability and artistic tastes of their parents.

Mr. Shaw's good health dates from August, 1902, when he first began "True Scientific Living," of which he is now so earnest an advocate. He has made many fasts in that time of from three to fourteen days duration, but the one of forty-five days, which he so vividly describes in this volume, is the only one for which he makes the claim of unusual endurance. He writes me on the 24th of June, exactly a month since his long fast ended, that he is but two pounds heavier than when it closed, that only good results have followed the ex-

perience and that he is in the enjoyment of Perfect Health. His constantly expressed hope is that his story may be of service to humanity, and he has told his experience so clearly and carefully that all who read it may *see* "the path that leadeth unto Life!"

CHARLES COURTNEY HASKELL.



J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Forty-five Years Old. Weight, 235.

The History of A Forty-Five Day Fast.

COMMENCING SUNDAY EVENING, 6 O'CLOCK,
APRIL 9th, 1905.

I SAY “a” fast, because it is not my *first* one. Over two and one-half years ago I tested the utility of fasting by a three-days’ experience. I weighed then two hundred and thirty-five pounds, had plenty of “billiousness” and rheumatism; and, in fact, was on “the broad road” to Mr. Bright’s disease factory.

It was time to turn around! Will I ever forget that *first* fast? For forty-eight hours it was—well, try it and *see!* Fear of injury to “the wonderful machine we live in” was the great “bugbear” to over-come. Danger of the “one-horse shay” experience would dominate, notwithstanding “demonstration,” as our Christian Science friends call it, against it.

I drank plenty of water and lemonade, and the *third* day found all headaches gone, all appetite dormant, all fear eliminated. The “machine” felt better and better every hour; and so, with the consciousness that I could continue longer and feel no ill effects, I broke my fast at the time appointed—seventy-two hours—and rice soup, sliced tomatoes and baked apples never tasted so good before. That was over two and one-half years ago—to be accurate, August 15th, 1902; and since that day I have

never eaten a breakfast nor an ounce of meat, except an occasional indulgence in a little chicken or turkey, and this at rare intervals—sometimes not for months at a time—and with the inner consciousness that if necessary these could be eliminated from my diet at any time, by a mere assertion of the will. For six months I continued the fasting at intervals, raising the “limit” a little at each effort: four days—five days—six days—seven days—ten days—until in December, 1902, I had reduced my weight to one hundred and seventy-four and three-fourths pounds net, and felt that I was once more in Perfect Health. It has been very easy to remain so since that time, by occasional fasts, right living and eating, and a continuance of the no breakfast plan, the eschewing of meat, and especially the deep breathing of fresh air, and regular exercise in abundance—not forgetting the cold bath every day.

The gradual putting on of flesh always has followed the fasting experience, and the functions of the body resume their methodical rhythm, the better *always* for the rest given them. What “*engine*” ever made can last forever without rest? Since the reduction in my weight there has been a gradual renewal of flesh and muscle until now, as I begin this fast with the object of dispensing with the “surplus,” I weigh one hundred and ninety-nine and three-fourths pounds net. This is too much. I should not weigh over one hundred and eighty. Can I disseminate, absorb, disintegrate, melt these extra twenty pounds of unnecessary and “too, too solid flesh?” “That is the question!”

Once, a year ago, I fasted fourteen days. Two dozen lemons and the water, lots of it, then constituted my only nourishment. I lost ten pounds, retained my vigour and worked enthusiastically all the time, writing often until two and three in the morning, walking and working

through the day and averaging six hours of perfect and recuperative sleep every twenty-four. On the fourteenth day, with a party of friends, I journeyed to Freeport, L. I., walked and ran with all the agility and joyousness of youth, and was the happiest and I think the strongest of them all. I had no desire for food; I could have fasted longer with absolute safety, and I wished to; but I yielded to the protestations of anxious friends, and broke my fast by the usual method of rice soup, sliced tomatoes and baked apples, very sparingly indulged in.

The change after so long an interval of rest for the stomach, was made without disturbance, the normal conditions asserted themselves without jar to the internal mechanism, and the continuity of health was maintained. Six months ago I "enjoyed" another fast of seven days and seven hours;—and now, with an accumulation of flesh that to me "speaks volumes," I realise the necessity of self-denial and begin again.

Twenty pounds! That would doubtless require twenty days of fasting! Is it wise? and can I do it *safely*? We shall see. To-night, Sunday, I have partaken of a healthful meal—whole wheat bread and butter, bananas and oranges, baked beans and olives, and they were all good.

No use denying it! I enjoyed them, and am as fond of good things as anybody. Once upon a time coffee was delicious, tea I adored, and "the roast beef of old England," and the lamb chops and veal cutlets are all pleasant memories. But what's the use? and why *self-indulgence*, if by self-denial good *health* may be regained and *long life* assured? This is too beautiful a world to leave, and the next twenty—thirty—forty years, will be worth a thousand that are *gone*, in human progress, in development in the arts and sciences, in all that makes life worth living. If I can, I want to stay and

watch the onward march of the world. The stars will do for the after time, when this *house* I live in can no longer hold together.

Can I make it last me fifty years? At any rate I can try, and if it falls—well, it's only the "house" that has disappeared. I shall live on and on. Can one stand out at night beneath the stars and fail to realise his own eternal individuality, and the certainty of immortality?

Monday morning, 7.30—I wrote until 4.30 this morning. Had to do it, for special work had to be done. Three hours' sleep are not enough, but before the week is over I'll make the lost hours up. This is my "busy day," and I am sure I shall go through it safely. I have writing to do, and letters to answer that will keep me until noon. Then I have many calls to make, plenty of walking to do, and the Club meeting to attend and report to-night. I'll have a hot lemonade for breakfast.

Tuesday morning, 3.30.—Just home from my strenuous day. Wrote yesterday until noon. Called on my advertisers until six, bowled until seven, attended the Club and reported its doings until 11.30, wrote for my journal in Chicago until 2.20 A. M.,—standing during the last two hours, while writing—took the "Subway" to the Bridge, and the Elevated to my home in Borough Park. I drank two hot lemonades, and several glasses of water during the day, and have already forgotten I have a stomach, or that there is such a thing as food. I feel a little weary, but my mind is alert and I could stay awake and work longer if necessary. But I'll go to bed and sleep, for I must be up early for another busy day.

Tuesday morning, April 11, 7.30.—Here I am again—not hungry, and ready for business. It will be a busy

day. I must go to Tarrytown. I must write answers to the letters in my morning mail, and I shall finish the obligations and demands of my paper for its "Special Issue" to-night, and then the fasting will be easier and sleep more sure.

Tuesday, midnight.—I am back in my office after accomplishing all I set out to do. No hunger! Strong, elated, happy in the consciousness of improved conditions, and beginning to count the hours and days of my "ordeal"—for such it *may* become. I came home at seven to-night, and found a letter from a business associate visiting the city, that necessitated an immediate return to New York. The interview lasted until eleven, and midnight finds me here at home and ready for a good long sleep.

Wednesday morning, April 12, 7.30.—Seven hours of dreamless sleep and the *average* has been restored. I am feeling well, and ready for the routine of answering letters and making business calls. The desire for food does not assert itself, and I am growing lighter. I see the weighing machine says one hundred and ninety-seven and three-quarters this morning, so the disintegrating process is well begun. I feel better as the hours roll on. I must tell my friends as I journey to-day what I am doing in the fasting line. It helps to a continuance. One grows ambitious to excel, to beat a record, to go on and on, as long as the heart beats true and safety is assured. Water, lemonade, and a spoonful of malted milk in a glass of hot water late at night, is all my nourishment—and it is enough. Sometimes it is many hours "between drinks," and no sense of weakness has been felt since I began, sixty-one hours ago. I see my waist measure already shows signs of recession. Good! I want

to lose three or four inches of rotundity. I did reduce the girth twelve inches over two years ago. The gain has not alarmed me since, but there is some to spare. Away with it!

Wednesday, 10 P. M.—A busy day, but not like the two that are past. Just an ordinary day, with its writing, and walking, and climbing stairs, and descending subways, and the rush and hurry of *every* New York day. I am home, and must have a little chat with the family, and read what remains in the papers that I didn't foolishly strain my eyes to read on the cars, and then answer a few letters and go to bed.

Thursday, 2 A. M., April 12.—Well, here I am, writing yet! I ought to have been asleep two hours ago, but I feel so well and writing is so easy, I just couldn't stop it. Now "Good-night, Good-morning." I must get my six hours' rest. But I'm not sleepy!

Thursday morning, 8 A. M., April 13.—I had a fine sleep, a good cold bath, and here I am again, after deep breathing and the usual exercises of arms and chest, and my glass of hot lemonade. Bless the girlie that brought it to me as an eye-opener! the one who "doesn't approve" of my fasting to keep young and well, and is so worried for fear I'll "kill myself" by doing it! "You'll see" she says. Poor little ninety-five pound baby! I wish she felt as well as I. It's a cold, cloudy day, but I can *feel* the sun shining and I can detect no diminution in strength, and no desire for food. There is plenty to do to-day. After I finish these letters I must go to New York; and then to College Point, and Whitestone, and Astoria, and Brooklyn; and to-night there is the bowling match at Flatbush, which I promised to attend. Let me see—it



J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Photograph taken on the 10th day of a 14-day fast,
April 13th, 1904.



is now *eighty-six hours*—at midnight to-night, it will be one hundred and two hours! And yet my heart is strong and steady, and beats once a second, “sixty,” with the rhythm of health. I wonder what I weigh this morning!

Friday morning, April 14.—Such a busy day was yesterday. And nearly every “layout” and arrangement and obligation completed, even to the two and one-half hours’ bowling at Flatbush. No wonder sleep was welcome at 1 A. M., and its six delightful hours refreshing. How exhilarating the cold bath was this morning! How sweet and helpful the pure air of yesterday. How enjoyable the walks, the wealth of Easter flowers in the College Point conservatories, and those at Astoria!—and through it all no consciousness of weariness, no weakness of will, no temptation to end the fast, which now at eight o’clock, *Friday, April 14*, has lasted one hundred and ten hours. How long shall I continue it? *Once* I accomplished exactly fourteen days—three hundred and thirty-six hours. *Now*, only about one-third of the journey travelled *then*. Shall I try to beat the record made a year ago, for the sake of beating it, or shall I *stop* when nature and possible weakness indicate “sufficiency?” My pulse still throbs strongly, rhythmically, regularly, sixty to the minute. Dr. Deutsch has just made me a friendly call. He says my pulse is “fine” and I look “well.” I wonder if that weighing machine lied yesterday? It said one hundred and ninety-four. It does not seem possible that over five pounds of superfluous tissue and fat have gone—somewhere—but they *have*! Really, I ought not to weigh a pound over one hundred and eighty. I am only five feet ten. I see my waist measure is thirty-three. I must get that below thirty! Once it was forty-four. Oh,

that stomach! Will I ever forget it? That "abdominal excrescence" of less than three years ago! It was disgraceful, inexcusable! This human frame is one of the habitations on which a bay window is positively superfluous. Now for my letters and then the usual outdoor travel and business of the day.

Friday, 11 P. M.—I have just returned to the "bosom of my family." A day of writing and calling on customers until 3 P. M., when the desire for fresh air and the fact of Baseball's opening day attracted me, and I concluded to be one of the thirty thousand enthusiasts to welcome the national champions. For two hours I enjoyed the game standing, without weariness;—water, lemonade, a glass of each, my only nourishment. At night a Turkish bath at the Produce Exchange was a luxury. No weakness, no undue acceleration of the heartbeats, and a loss of one and one-half pounds, as a result, my net weight at its conclusion being exactly one hundred and ninety-four pounds. The average of loss—a pound a day—is maintained. At this rate, it will take twenty days to reach one hundred and eighty, and more weight than *that* is too much to carry.

No fast in my experience has ever been accomplished so easily. I have no diminution of strength, no drowsiness, no weariness, no disinclination to work. Every sense is alert, and every hope and ambition intensified. The heartbeats to-day are sixty-six to the minute and regular. The appetite for food is absolutely dormant. No dizziness is apparent, nor any undue nervousness or sensitiveness. If *present* conditions remain, it would seem this fast could safely be continued indefinitely. The fact that the fourteen day fast a year ago was accomplished without any injury is a constant encouragement, and eliminates fear from the consideration. There's an

hour or two of answering letters yet to be done and it is nearly twelve o'clock, and there is plenty to do to-morrow.

Saturday morning, April 15, 8 o'clock.—I wrote until 2 A. M., so I have had my necessary six hours' sleep, and feel wonderfully well. One hundred and thirty-four hours on the way. It's like a six days' walking match—only *this* trip is likely to last *longer* than six days! Now to answer my letters. No breakfast to bother me and waste time, and fine fresh spring air to eat and breathe and inspire. Life seems so much dearer, and possibilities and hopes so much clearer, when the consciousness of health and benefit and strength is dominant. 'If I can only dispense with fifteen pounds more of "baggage" safely, I shall be more than thankful. Haven't time to weigh myself nor measure myself this morning. The day is young and there is plenty to accomplish! I must be up and doing.

Saturday, midnight.—Have been home since 9 P. M. writing and reading. The day's efforts were continuous, with a spoonful of *malted milk* in a glass of hot water the only nourishment. Opportunity for weighing myself was overlooked. But no weariness developed and no appetite has asserted itself, so that fasting has become a pleasure. Friends find my strength and buoyancy and assurances of health hard to believe. My barber expressed the opinion I looked "well" and placed my age at forty. I admitted I was forty-four. I *have been* for a few winters. Not many—and yet forty-four is the figure I want the record to stay at for a score of years if possible. Now six days and six hours have passed and I feel no necessity nor inclination to end the fast. It *may* continue another week if its value and benefit *continue*. It is time for nature's sweet restorer.

Sunday, April 16, 6 P. M.—It is 6 o'clock Sunday evening, and the seven days of fasting have been accomplished. I have not been weighed since Friday night, but I feel sure the loss in weight must have reduced the figures to nearly one hundred and ninety. This has been the first day of any noticeable effects that would indicate anything out of the ordinary in my condition. I am nervous, sensitive, somewhat fearful as to prolonging the strain, and I am considering the advisability of breaking the fast and eating very lightly, hoping thereby to proceed later on with the necessary effort to reach normal figures. I know one hundred and eighty pounds is an abundant weight for me, and that more means ill health and deterioration, and the cutting off of years at the other end of life. And yet this fast is undertaken for no boastful purpose, and with no other object than good health, and the possibility of the lesson being of service to others. I believe if one begins right, and lives right, doctors and medicine and sickness are unnecessary, and life is well worth living without them. *But*, I feel chilly to-night, my hands are cold, and yet my *pulse* remains at sixty and is strong and regular. I have walked and read and written all day, after an eight hour sleep. I awoke in the night with a heart fluttering, the rapidity of which was not reassuring; but it soon passed, and no recurrence during the day has been noticed. Cold bath and exercise were quite as delightful as at any time; but I detect a lack of *confidence* in myself that I had not felt during the week, and find it necessary to *overcome* it. The protestations and fears of one's family are not inspirational. The assertion that I will kill myself and that the after results will be injurious demand the consideration of *possibilities*. If I can hold out successfully until the morrow, I am sure the ten days' effort can be passed with safety and the fourteen-day

record equalled or excelled. But through all this runs the disconcerting importunities of loved ones. In my former fast of fourteen days the result was attained when living absolutely alone, my family spending the winter and early spring in the south.

Sunday, midnight.—I am busy writing;—have had a spoonful of malted milk in a glass of hot water, and, except a cold, caught this morning in the extreme fall in temperature, am feeling much better than during the day:—and I believe the morning will find me strong and ready for the regular duties of my busy day, which is seldom ended until the “wee sma’ hours.”

Monday noon, April 17.—It was one this morning when I concluded rest and sleep were advisable, though I could have written until daylight. Strange no special weariness waits on fasting, and yet it is easily explained when one realises the safety of the effort, the fact that from water and air, when pure, come nine-tenths of the strength of the body, and that only one-tenth is obtained from food. How long can we live without water? A day’s deprivation creates intensest suffering, and a few days brings insanity and death. How long without the air will the spirit stay in its clay tenement? Not a single hour! But without food—the mental equilibrium preserved, and the knowledge of nature’s laws, on which to build the experience, ours, why not safely *repeat* the experiences of *others*? The fact that men *have* fasted forty days and lived, and suffered no injury, cannot be disputed. This is the eighth day, which will end at six to-night. I feel much better than on Sunday; the cold is nearly gone, and I am strong, and able to complete a busy day. There is writing to do until the middle of the afternoon, then the gathering of news in the city, the

composition of my weekly letter to the journal I represent, the bowling exercise of the evening, the completion of my report, and the start from Forty-second Street railroad depot for home, as usual Mondays, about 1 or 2 A. M. It is cold and snowing—not the best weather for fasting. But the air is pure and sweet and *tastes* good, and water and lemonade will do the rest. I have no desire for food, and feel no need of it. The serving of chicken and my favourite dumplings and all else that makes a Sunday dinner enjoyable, were no temptation. Appetite is *dormant* at least, if it is not *dead*. Hunger—natural hunger—will assert itself at the proper time, and *its* voice must *then* be listened to, but *not before*. I must have lost a pound or two since Friday. I imagine one hundred and ninety pounds must be my weight and I see my girth is thirty-two. It seems quite a journey to one hundred and eighty and thirty, but I think I can reach the goal before another Sunday ends. That would be fourteen days, and that I have done before. I hope it may be safe to fast for fifteen days, and I will be glad if it appears best to reach the even twenty. I know I *can* accomplish it if I *will*.

Tuesday morning, April 18.—I returned at 1.30 this morning, and at 7.30 I was again ready for regular duties. Writing, calling, bowling, and writing again until midnight filled the busy day. Then came the subway and “L” trip home from the posting of letters at the Grand Central at Forty-second street. In bowling I detected no loss of strength; in writing, no weariness, and no weakness of vision. In fact the day developed no uncomfortableness of any kind, and at 6 P. M., I started on my ninth day in apparently better physical condition than when I began, lemonade and water, with plenty of fresh air, my only nourishment. This morning I find the

cold completely cured, my heartbeat sixty-six and strong, and the cold bath a luxury, with no shock to the system in its enjoyment. I can't say how much I have lost in weight; one scale disconcerted me by showing a gain since Friday, another declared a loss of fifteen pounds since I began. I must find one to-day that tells the truth. I positively can detect no change since my fast started to indicate anything out of the ordinary, unless it be lightness and ease in climbing the elevated stairs, and more restful sleep than I have had for many a day, less drowsiness, a greater desire and willingness to work, and an alertness that makes doing something a necessity. Hopefulness, ambition, energy and determination abound; patience, restfulness, trust, the consciousness that "whatever is, is best," and the belief that all will end well; these seem to be the dominant thoughts that enwrap me. Maybe a chapter from one of Elizabeth Towne's books had something to do with the buoyancy of the morning, and the sunlight and sweet spring air on the outside are good to see and breathe. There is plenty to do to-day. There is "always something to do." Easter is near, and Easter's floral decorative art must be seen and described. It was on Easter Sunday a year ago my fourteen day fast began. Will this one end on Easter Sunday?

Wednesday morning, April 19.—What glorious weather again!—the chill out of the air, the sun shining, all nature bursting into bud and bloom and song. Surely this is the beginning of the permanent springtime. The snow flurries and the biting air of yesterday were winter's last farewell. The day was one of walking, and fresh air breathing, and calling, and writing, with rising confidence and few premonitions as to the wisdom of continuing the fast, or of the possibility of failure. One cannot avoid serious thinking when antagonistic

opinions and pessimistic criticisms greet, and discouragement as to results find voice in *all* to whom you commend the plan whereby medicines and doctors become unnecessary, poison is eliminated from the system, and healthful foundation is laid for long life and happiness. But the influence that *counts* with all is *actual demonstration*. That creates the after thinking and so *in due time* teaches the way to *perfect health*.

It is a delight to realise that many by my experience will be led to consider, and so, when *necessity* forces *practical* trial of the system, will be able, without *fear of consequences*, to make the test for themselves.

To-day the scales say one hundred and ninety, and they are truth-telling scales and please me by their honesty. Now when they record one hundred and eighty I will be satisfied. I feel better this morning than at any time since my fast began. A glass of hot lemonade has been my only indulgence up to nearly noon. Now I am off for the city and its round of daily duties. My pulse is still strong and regular at sixty. I have no pain, nor ache, nor nervousness, nor fear, and at six to-night the tenth day of my happily and interestingly developing experience closes. *Twenty days* do not look very far away. If it seems *best* to do so, I will continue.

When the thought of benefit to self and others vanishes, and the continuance is one of bravado, or with intent to beat a record, or to satisfy a personal pride or vanity, *then* it is time to call a halt. Common sense is one's best guide.

Thursday morning, April 20— Pulse sixty and strong. Am feeling better than on any of the eleven days of my fast, which grows more interesting and inspiring to me as the hours fly, and the consciousness of its benefit asserts itself. I seem better in every way—tireless, hopeful, anticipa-

tory of all that is good, forgetful of all that is discouraging. "Let the dead past bury its dead." I have been reading Elizabeth Towne's grand book, "Practical Methods of Self Development," this morning. What a tower of encouragement and strength it is, and how clearly it explains the best methods and value of fasting, so that no reasonable, thinking person can fail to realise its utility, and the wisdom of this system in the quest of health! And how it reassures me personally as to safety, benefit and continuance! If Edgar Conable of Los Angeles could fast twenty-one days, losing little weight and working continuously, so can I, and perhaps I will—listening meantime for the *voice* of *natural* hunger, which will speak "with no uncertain sound." How fully six hours' restful sleep in a well-aired room recuperate and prepare for the duties of another day! How yesterday was crowded with work and recreation!—no weariness, abundance of walking and deep breathing, and at night the sweet pathetic story of the "Music Master," so well interpreted by David Warfield and his excellent company of actors. Such a rest, mentally, it is to witness his natural acting; such a thrilling of the heartstrings to one who has a daughter, the caressing of his "baby girl." How little nourishment I seem to need! A glass of lemonade now and then, an abundance of water;—no thirst, no weakness, no dizziness! "Doesn't your head ache?" some one asked me. (I have forgotten what a headache means. I have forgotten I have a stomach or an appetite.) No! of course, *every one* could not "endure the ordeal" untaught, nor without experience and a sound healthful body to begin with; that is, for so long a time. But when I hear great, fat fellows declare they "could not and would not go without food a single day," I would laugh derisively if I were not overwhelmed by the pathetic conditions that will make life so soon to them a *seri-*

ous problem, and rob them of so many glorious years of existence.

My friend Dr. Deutsch has just called, and declares my heartbeats are "not strong enough," but he acknowledges they are "steady," though "lacking life." He prescribes "a spoonful of brandy and water every few hours." I'll take the *water* part of the prescription, and that's all! It is noon now, and I have had no nourishment of any kind, not even a glass of water. Now for a "drink," and then New York, and the usual duties of the newspaper man. I have no fear, and I shall continue until my *own* intuition and condition tell me the time to cease has come.

Friday, April 21.—It is noon, and I have been writing for hours. Yesterday was as busy a day as usual, until seven, and notwithstanding rain and mugginess, I feel no ill effects from the long fasting. In fact, I was not as cognizant of depression and weariness as seems the common lot of so many on a disagreeable day. Why should one worry or lose hope? "The sun is always shining somewhere." Clouds are evanescent and pass away, but the light and warmth and beauty of the sun's face is immortal. From seven to eleven the circus, with all its animals, and freaks, and wonderful ring performances, and exciting and dangerous features, and intensely enjoyable as in the old days; and what a *rest mentally*, for the *physical* makes no demand for rest, as yet, and the six hours' dreamless sleep each night seem all that are needed for refreshment and recuperation. I see, if the scales tell the truth, I have reduced my weight a little over ten pounds, and I seem to lose a *lesser* average daily. Perhaps, like Edgar Conable of Los Angeles, I *can* fast twenty-one days, and lose less than one-half pound a day, still working at the regular duties of my occupation. "*Newspaper men*" as a rule, are not regular in

their eating habits, but they *can* be, when *necessary*, good *fasters*.

A telegram at 3 A. M. was not a helpful excitement, in the midst of a sound sleep, but the temporary effects in the rapidity of the heartbeats and sleeplessness did not last long, and at seven the needful sleep had been overtaken and enjoyed. How delightful are the warm baths, followed by the cold shower these days! and how recuperative the deep long breaths of the Spring air, that is food itself, and that with water, makes up nine-tenths of all the strength the body can appropriate!—for it is a scientific fact which even the doctors will acknowledge, that only one-tenth of our nourishment and power comes from the food we eat. How necessary to have the one-tenth *pure—above all else, pure!*—whether it be fruit, or vegetable, or “*meat*,” and *who* can tell when *meat* is *pure*? “Dead animals,” at *best* are what the butcher brings us. Who knows whence they came or on what they have been fed, or what disease their bodies harbored before the sacrifice of their innocent lives for the gratification of the human appetite!

That doctor's suggestion yesterday about my pulse and heart annoys me. So does the remark of another this morning that I “look pale.” I notice everybody who does not know I am fasting says, “How well you look!” and one friend—bless him!—said “You look ten years younger than when I saw you last.” “I am ten years younger,” was my reply, and I *intend* to be! “How old am I?” You mean “How *young*?” Well, the barber and “the other fellow” say, “You don't look forty,” and I guess I'll leave it that way, though as a compromise to the years, I have already acknowledged to forty-four. It makes no difference if I said the same a year ago when I fasted fourteen days. *Forty-four goes! and no more!*

I feel a little feverish this morning. I guess it's only the usual "spring fever." Everybody has it, and it does seem if I could fast safely fourteen days a year ago, I ought not to go backward. I still hope I may be well and strong at the end of fifteen days.

Saturday morning Apr, 22.—The rain is over, the air is clear and cold, the sun is shining. Just the right weather to enjoy a fast, and with no appetite nor hunger, a steady pulse that does not deviate from sixty, and plenty to do, why should not one enjoy this experience, and watch the phases of its progression with growing interest? I have found the cold bath, following one in tepid water, as exhilarating as ever. I feel lighter, brighter, stronger. I *am* lighter. Last night, one hundred and eighty-six, nearly fourteen pounds below the high water mark of April 9th, and yet six pounds remain that do not belong to me. Perhaps they will have vanished by six o'clock on Monday, the end of the fifteenth day, if I decide it best that I continue to that hour.

There is no longer any thought of conquest in overcoming a former fourteen day record. If *feeling* be the indicator of endurance it will be easy to accomplish it.

But it is not to beat a record I am fasting. It is to maintain health, which can only come and stay by the elimination of fat—disease—from the system; and it may be the thought, and desire, and hope that this experience will be of some service to the millions who suffer needlessly.

Working and walking abundantly, oft times in the rain, seem to have had no injurious effect during yesterday and until nine at night, and reading was rest and recreation abundant until twelve. Seven hours of dreamless sleep! No wonder one wakes up renewed!—for it is sleep

and air and water that are the foundation stones of life's structure, and food is but the mortar that holds the habitation in place. Too much mortar spoils the symmetry and beauty of any building. "Enough is a feast," and just enough *food*, if it be *pure*, is a feast for the human body, and helps to make it fit for an immortal's dwelling place. Water, a hot lemonade, and plenty of deep breathing, and I am ready for the busy day and night that always comes before Easter Sunday to Floriculture and its worshippers.

And such an Easter! Never were flowers more beautiful. Blooming plants are everywhere, and so profuse in numbers and kinds and values, that not one of the four millions born or living in this great centre of the world needs be without some token of nature's smile at this joyous festival.

Sunday, April 23, 9 p. m.—It is three hours since I began the fifteenth day of my fast, so my record of fourteen days is broken. There is much always to inspire in the safe accomplishment of a purpose, and now that the anxious hour has passed, and no ill effects are visible, it is *easy to go on* until it seems *manifest* that the *time* to cease the effort has arrived. And I find myself at this writing strong, with a pulse still at sixty, and more *confident* than at any time since my fast began. But yesterday was full of anxieties, and forebodings of possibilities—failure of the heart and will, and dangers that exist only in the imagination. Continuous exercise up to seven in the evening found me with a pulse of eighty, but as this doubtless came from much walking and standing and constant attention to necessary work, there was nothing to alarm, and fear soon vanished. The usual absorption of water and lemonade, and a spoonful of malted milk in a glass of hot water, were sufficient evidently for

the preservation of strength, and midnight found me still in the wholesale flower district of the city. The scales said one hundred and eighty-three, which is encouraging and brings the total weight down to near the desired level—one hundred and eighty pounds. A few more days should accomplish this and still preserve the *safety* of the experience.

Sleep was perfect, and this morning, after seven hours of "nature's sweet restorer," cold baths and long walks were as enjoyable as ever. Never was there a fairer, finer Easter Sunday! Every moment of it was elysium, and reading and writing in addition have filled up the hours. No appetite nor hunger have made demands. The consciousness of general benefit develops hourly; and the hope is bright that still another week may with safety be utilised, for the securing of perfect health. There are many letters yet to write, and rest and sleep must wait until the bells toll the midnight hour. The *thought* of delicious food will now and then have utterance, especially when the balance of one's family partakes of the good things that make up everywhere the Sunday dinner. But it is no hardship when the will decides and the appetite no longer rules, to serve and see, and joy in the enjoyment of others, and to know that "*waiting will bring its great reward.*"

Monday, April 24, 5.30 P. M.—I have just finished my weekly letter. Have been writing constantly since nine o'clock this morning. But my pulse is strong, my general strength undiminished, and my will determined to continue my fast as long as nature assures me of its benefit. I can stop now at any time it seems best. I have been too busy to think of eating—a glass of water and lemonade have been my only nourishment. I miss the air and exercise of other days. I must go now to the

city, attend the meeting of the Club, and perhaps bowl a game or two to demonstrate my strength. I have felt no undue weakness of any kind, and am not weary, further than the natural tire of constant mental work and physical strain in one position. In a few minutes it will be gone and forgotten. In less than half an hour I will have finished my fifteenth day. Twenty seems very near, and yet my continuance for that length of time depends entirely on my consciousness of maintained strength, increasing benefit, and the possibility by my experience of being of benefit to others. "Example is better than precept." If I can *prove* by a personal accomplishment the *good* I believe a fast can do, so much can I impress others with its value.

Tuesday morning, April 25.—There was no Club meeting and no bowling. My strength remains. An early return from the city, and two hours of reading brought the usual midnight hour. One of my friends told me he didn't believe I had fasted over fifteen days; another looked at me incredulously, and asked me to have a "Manhattan" with him. We compromised on a lemonade. If the scales do not lie, I am not losing flesh very rapidly. No evidences of the long physical strain appear in my face; my pulse stays at sixty to sixty-six. Nothing wearies me. I feel after my cold bath this morning as well as at any time in the sixteen days, and able to continue *indefinitely*, from my *present* hopes and condition. I have been writing since eight, and now at ten I start for New York and the usual routine of the day. The air is full of life and so is the cold water, which is my usual breakfast. Glorious weather for fasting! The air was never sweeter, the budding springtime never more beautiful.

Wednesday noon, April 26.—I have been writing all the morning. Now for New York again. Tuesday was a busy day—customers visited, a photo taken as a sixteen day record, and abundance of walking and calling. Home at ten, and reading until nearly twelve. Somewhat drowsy and weary for the *first time* since the fast began. But seven hours' sleep refreshed me; my pulse continues steady at sixty, and seems not quite so strong. If this fast can be made helpful to others, I feel as though it could go on indefinitely. No appetite is manifest, no hunger. Food of any kind is no temptation. Could I have endured this test if I had indulged in tobacco or liquors before it began; or if I had not a *constitution* built upon a *basis* of good habits, and correct living and eating and drinking and sleeping? Could I have successfully endured the strain, if for over two and one-half years I had not obeyed all the laws that entail good health by their observance? Is not the fact that in all this time I have not indulged in breakfasts, nor meat, nor tea, nor coffee, nor stimulants of any kind, the secret of my success; of my ability to maintain strength, and to stand this experiment, with will power intense, and fear eliminated, and no apparent ill results? I think so, at any rate, and I am sure nothing but good for myself and those who will listen can come of it. The fresh, sweet, health-crowded air is, I know, the source of most of my strength and confidence. There is *life* in it, and the deep breathing of it I enjoy. At six to-night seventeen days will have been completed, and I know of no reason *now* why I should not continue.

Thursday morning, April 27.—Yesterday was a somewhat anxious day—not quite as strong as usual in feeling or purpose. In the afternoon, while walking, I felt the *first* conscious realisation of *lack* of strength or *vitality*.

But this condition was not *lasting*. Fear and weakness left at the same time! Abundance of deep breathing of the fresh air and the exercise of the will, with a consciousness that there was no good reason for failure of heart or mentality, soon asserted themselves, and when I made a friendly call on my "family doctor" I was calmly hopeful of his verdict. I told him nothing of my fast, but handed him my wrist and asked him how I was. "A splendid pulse—steady—you're all right," was his reply. It's such a *comfort* after all to have your *doctor* brace you! Bless the family doctors—the *good ones*—the ones who come with the stork and the babies; the ones who *honestly* do their best to relieve pain, and to comfort and cheer; the ones who give *good advice* and *no medicines*. If they were only *all* like that! But oh, the "experimenters" and the ignoramuses and the fakes in the profession! "Their name is *legion*," and this great city is full of them—men without character or conscience; human vultures, lying, deceiving, imposing upon poor sickness-cursed humanity! Legalised murderers! No wonder disgusted and suffering men and women turn to Christian Science for salvation from sickness, and find in cheerfulness and mental strength and hope, so often, great relief.

Water, and a spoonful of malted milk in a glass of hot water, constituted the nourishment of my seventeenth day. The eighteenth began at six o'clock. Calls on friends in the evening made the return to home and rest as late as one this morning, and again seven hours of sleep find me as strong, and my pulse as steady, at sixty, and my mind as clear as ever; and there is a busy day ahead, and it is time its outside duties were begun. A rainy day, a cloudy sky, and oppressive temperature are not the best inspirations, but they do not affect me. The air is not as good to eat as when the sun shines and

the breezes blow, laden with ozone and the sweet breath of the springtime, but it is *good*, and I know that half of my strength comes from it and that the more deep breathing of it, pure and in the open, I can have, the better. My photo, taken on the sixteenth day, shows no evidence of any physical or mental strain.

Friday morning, April 28.—A hot lemonade, a tepid and cold bath with the usual exercises, and I have not felt better nor stronger since the 9th of April. My pulse beats steadily, sixty to the minute, and seems almost as firm and strong as at any time. I have no weakness, and seem to grow stronger now that what Mr. Haskell calls “subconscious mental fear” has been eliminated. The knowledge that there is no danger in fasting is a wonderful help in the experiment I am making. If the scales tell the truth the amount of weight *lost* daily is greatly reduced in quantity, and it is still some distance from one hundred and eighty pounds. Self-control is strengthened, the desire to prolong the fast to thirty days is growing, the belief that I can do so *safely* is asserting itself.

There seem to be only good results from what has been accomplished—no weariness, perfect sleep, delight in work, and will and determination to go on. Distrust, unwillingness to admit the possibility of my success, lack of confidence by those who should have the *most*, because knowing me best, all these things fail now to discourage me. An occasional solicitude as to heart action, and the consequence of living so contrary to humanity’s accepted systems and beliefs will obtrude, but deep breathing and mental affirmation seem to destroy the influence and make possible the easier accomplishment of my purpose. Yesterday was no exception to the usual routine of every day—work in the city until eight, and home at ten, and this day reading and writing until 2 A. M. Five hours’

sleep seem sufficient; drowsiness when on the cars seldom develops; every sense seems more alert. There is everything to encourage continuance, and the hope grows that ultimate benefits may be permanent, and that the experience may teach a lesson to thousands, who may be led to think seriously for themselves, and by a similar test prove how easily disease may be destroyed, the body built anew, age conquered, and long life and good health demonstrated to be the divine right of humanity.

There is no excuse for sickness; and everyone who suffers may be relieved and made healthful,—and fit for this “habitation,” wonderful and beautiful.

This body is but the house we live in. It can be kept perpetually fresh and new and strong. But we will not learn, until premonition of decay and weakness comes. Then we perchance wake up, and repair and rebuild and renew, while yet there is time—and so make it a credit to the immortal that lives in it. There are five foundation stones on which to rear a structure fit for the habitation of the immortals—Right eating, right drinking, right sleeping, right breathing, right thinking! This is the house which when the winds blow and the waves beat upon it falls not, for “it is founded on a rock!”

Saturday morning, April 29.—At six to-night the twentieth day of my fast closes. Now that it is so near it seems far less an achievement than when on April 9th I began, with faint hope or determination of safely reaching it. Now that fear has been eliminated, and I know no injury to the heart and the intricate mechanism of this body is probable, a fast seems to be most commendable, if by it better health, clearer vision and opportunity to make its lesson of benefit to others, are developed. There was no weakness, nor hunger, nor desire to cease the effort all through yesterday. Perhaps a call on one

whose own experiences along this line were many and helpful, had in it further inspiration—the talented daughter of C. C. Haskell, whose book “Perfect Health” first inclined me to this path of life, and whose letters are always an incentive to further progress. In fact, one comes from him this morning, the admonition “*Stick*” running through its advices as to safety, and the wisdom of continuing until the twenty pounds of surplus with which I began have vanished. There are still five pounds remaining. None of the scales show me under one hundred and eighty-five pounds net. The loss of flesh for many days has been less and less as compared with the earlier days of the fast. One letter from a relative this morning contains the cheering (?) comfort that I “may drop dead.” If climbing elevated and other stairs, running for trains and walking without weariness, indicate *danger*, then I *must* be careful. It is poor weather for fasting to-day. No sun, no breeze, no warmth, but mist and fog and dampness. Inspiration must come from within. It will seem like parting with an old friend to eat again. Such a sensation of lightness, clearness, hopefulness; such a lack of fear, anxiety, distrust; such a consciousness of cleanliness, ambition, rebuilding; such a realisation that the tolling of the years does not make age, and that there is no excuse for growing old! These thoughts sweep through me like a flood! To never lose the elation of their power would be life eternal! Why should I limit my fast to twenty-one days, if longer abstinence means conquest of all that is unnecessary of the material, and if the immortal ego grows, expands, comes into possession of itself, and feels the trill of the infinite! “One never can tell,” as the old waiter said last night in Bernard Shaw’s enthralling play—my *third* recreative evening of my fast. Asleep at one, and awake at seven, I find cold bath and exercise as new and in-

interesting as ever. My pulse beats steadily at sixty, and I detect no lack of strength in its pulsations, and so I begin the duties of another day.

Sunday, April 30, 10 A. M.—Now I am four hours on the journey, in the twenty-second day. My friend Dr. Deutsch has just examined my pulse and heart and says I am “all right;” the beating “averages sixty to the minute, and is regular and strong.” This is very reassuring. It would appear from his statements that a continuance of the fast is safe for some time longer. A net weight of one hundred and eighty pounds is possible of early attainment, so closely must the actual weight now approximate that figure. Walking, reading, writing, and an hour of driving through the avenues of lovely Borough Park have made the day a most enjoyable one. If it had been possible to add to my enjoyment a sermon by Dr. Hillis, I would have had a “cup running over” with good things, for the air was warm and sweet, the sun brilliantly shining and all nature laughing in the colours of Forsythia, Spiraea and Magnolia—one of the days that make life worth living. Every day adds to the consciousness of renewed health, the joy of upbuilding, the hope of long life and the prospect of benefiting others by my experience. What *seemed* an *ordeal* becomes a joy of increasing and intensest interest, while through it all is the thought that when the time comes to cease, the *voice* will be heard and acted upon as willingly and safely as has the knowledge of its *safety* made the *fast* an almost uninterrupted pleasure. Not a moment of pain or disturbance, except the occasional nervous condition which was to be expected. For a time on Saturday this “rattled” me, and it required both will power and self-control to reassure myself. The fear was brief, and unauthorised by any real physical

condition, and soon passed away. The natural weariness from long hours, and a visit to the "Settlement" building, (where Mr. Stokes presides, and Miss Pastor labours), in the evening, and the long trip home at midnight, made rest and sleep especially welcome; and after seven hours of dreamless slumber, all the exercises and bathing and exertion of the morning seemed as natural and easy as at any time in the twenty-one days.

Less nourishment in water and lemonade than usual seemed necessary to-day. It is hard to realise that eating is anything but a habit, and no appetite nor hunger have yet asserted their rights, or made refusal difficult. It will be midnight before the writing and answering of letters are over, and to-morrow is always the busy day of all the week. I find myself hoping and wondering *nightly* as to the *awakening*, and the prospect of recuperative sleep.

Monday morning, May 1.—Seven hours of sleep in a room with windows open and the pure air all around me—dreamless, restful, perfect! No wonder I wake refreshed and strong and ready for the duties of the day. The exercises, the deep breathing, the bath, are all luxuries, each one adding to my strength and vitality. My pulse beats on steadily at sixty, my waist is only thirty inches, the body seems well nourished, the skin clear and healthful, the eyes bright, the elation of lightness and safety predominant. Nature is the great healer of humanity. Life's greatest blessings are a clear brain and a healthful body. All the money in the world cannot buy them, and they are worth all the money in the world. A perfect stomach means perfect health. There is no need of long journeys, Carlsbad cures, and learned doctors when one lives close to nature's heart. Congenial work and plenty of it, right eating, just

enough of it, pure air and water, exercise, congenial associations and sleep—these are the foundations of life, and with them there is neither excuse for, nor possibility of, disease. To eat slowly, to avoid all liquids at meals, to live on fruit and vegetables and nuts, to avoid tobacco and intoxicants, and to fast at reasonable intervals, will restore good health, destroy the thought of age, and maintain the hopes, ambitions, and capabilities of perpetual youth. Eating, without the call of natural hunger, is a crime against the architect of the wonderful house in which “we live and move and have our being.” Not only physicians, but all humanity should listen to the admonition, “*Heal thyself.*”

There is no grander room than the “open,” with God’s sunlight flooding the soul and body, the blue dome above, illimitable, inspiring, and the free pure air instinct with life and health! The more one can be out there—close to infinity—drinking in the perfume of the skies, the better. Health is heaven, and there is no heaven without it. It is the dearest treasure in the world and the least expensive, for it can be had for the asking. All that are “weary and heavy laden” can have life, and life and health are one. “A short life and a merry one,” “We only go through this world once,” and “Let us eat, drink and be merry,” are not the joyful cries of glad hearts, but the “whistlings to keep their courage up,” of the unhappy.

Tuesday morning, May 2.—A glorious day! Sunny, growing warmer, all nature rejoicing, and the music of the flying heralds of the springtime gladdening the heart and prophesying the world’s awakening to new life and vigour. I am beginning to realise that there is no danger in fasting, after fighting the fear thought at intervals all through the day and night, until sleep intervened at 1

this morning. Monday was, as usual, full of duty, and at the Club in the evening I found two hours of bowling neither weakening nor uninteresting, and none of the indications of collapse that have been prophesied by my friends materialised. Instead, the exercise was beneficial and the hour of writing until midnight afterwards, easy. I grow more tireless, confident, determined, as my fast progresses. Letters from Charles C. Haskell, the author of the book "Perfect Health"—a man, as he says, sixty-five years young, rescued by fasting from the grave, after doctors had declared there was "no hope"—have been a wonderful help, and one this morning is full of inspiration. In it he demonstrates that "instead of the heart growing weaker by fasting, it always increases in power," fear alone weakening it, and with it, the whole body, and so destroying all the benefits that might have been attained. The vital organs—the heart, lungs and brain—never diminish by fasting. All the rest of the body is drawn upon to make blood and supply the vital organs.

So, in the continuance of this fast, I am making stronger, richer, purer blood than I have ever made before. Fear in the mind destroyed, all else is easy. He advises a glass of pure grape juice as a change occasionally from lemonade, or a glass of orangeade carefully strained and clear from all pulp. The loss in weight grows less and less daily. It still seems some distance to the goal—one hundred and eighty pounds net—which should be reached, and will be I now hope before the fasting ends. If I am to judge by my strength, my cheerfulness, my tirelessness and my fondness for the work I have to do, there is no good reason why the fast should end till what seems needful is accomplished.

Eleven years of scientific living by Mr. Haskell have only strengthened him in his opinion of the curative and helpful power of judicious fasting. All the world

eats too much. A diseased stomach is the real basis of all disease. With a pure stomach—which means pure air and water and food—there is no danger of sickness, and life may be prolonged in comfort and happiness indefinitely! Go out at night and look up into the heavens, with its millions of worlds, and in the overwhelming glory of the silence try to believe this is the end! It is *impossible!*

Life seems only in its infancy. The years—man-made as to time of beginning and ending—do not mark the development of *age*, and many a man at sixty is younger than the worn-out, liquor-poisoned youth of twenty-five. The only hope of perpetual happiness is perfect health. It has been made so free, so easy, so crowded with joy, that the greatest of mysteries is why humanity will not reach out and take it. The supply is illimitable. The infinite ocean of love and life and health can never be sounded. It has neither beginning nor end!

Wednesday morning, May 3.—I see my pulse is seventy-two. I have just returned from an expedition in behalf of a pet dog of my daughter's, which had escaped. After considerable running I corralled him. It's a wonder my pulse isn't one hundred and seventy-two! In a few minutes it will be back to sixty. It does not seem quite so strong to-day; perhaps because a cold bath and water "on the outside" have been my only nourishment. Not even thirst is manifest, nor *has* been, for the twenty-four days—and *hunger?*—I have almost forgotten what it means. Visiting late with friends last night, and not reaching the land of dreams until 2 A. M., with less than six hours' sleep, may account for an apparent loss of vitality, but water, lemonade and air will soon demonstrate their potency. There was no cessation in the usual routine of work and writing yesterday until late, and a

pleasant visit with friends, with music, and the delight of seeing others eat and drink, closed an uneventful day. No pain, nor aches, nor weakness are manifest. Daily loss of weight grows less and less, while strength is unabated. A doctor friend tells me he "never heard of a similar fast where there has been no difference as to *work* accomplished daily, and where the regular duties of one's occupation are persistently attended to."

A dinner with a cousin at a physical culture restaurant, where he absorbed every article possible on the bill of fare, and where I revelled in a glass of unfermented grape juice, was a pleasant incident. This is the fellow who is "expecting" me to "drop dead," with which comforting prediction my "dinner" ended. But since fear has been conquered, these gloomy prophecies do not "rattle" me. I am beginning to look ahead to a meal of orange juice as a starter on the old way of living, followed later by an amalgamation of rice soup, and in due time the crowning luxury of the vegetarian, baked apples and cream. Meantime, the consciousness that the twenty-fifth day of my fast is near inspires me, and water and hot lemonade are good enough for me. The weather is cool, clear and sunny, just the weather for contented and successful fasting. It is possible it may seem best to continue for thirty days. There are a few pounds of surplus yet that certainly do not belong to me; and now for the outside duties of the day and the helpful consolation of plenty to keep me busy.

Thursday morning, May 4.—After an abundance of calling and walking until 8 p. m., and rest, and reading, which is rest, until 10 p. m., I began my first sleep before midnight since my fast began. It was full of comfort and recuperation, so that at seven this morning I arose, all weariness banished, and cold baths and exer-

cise as welcome and refreshing as ever. This is the twenty-fifth day, and I detect no weakness, no lack of enthusiasm in my work, no desire for food nor need of it. I was somewhat discouraged yesterday as to the value of this fast to others by the statement from quite a prominent physical culturalist that "a fast to be of any value must be made away from everybody—alone—in the woods or the mountains, where absolute rest and freedom from any labour, thought of business, or distracting influence could be encountered, and only water used for nourishment." That *sounds* very heroic and beautiful, but where is its *practical* benefit to *toiling humanity*? I think a fast that can be made successful, helpful, fat-destroying, while the physical and mental faculties can be exercised in the regular duties of one's employment, is of *infinitely greater moment*, and teaches a lesson that "he who runs may read!"

I find so little diminution in weight, so continuous my strength, so interesting my experiences daily, that I am led to believe a continuance to thirty days may be made with perfect safety, and so I go on with my work cheerfully and hopefully.

Thursday, midnight.—I am home after a busy day in Jersey City and Rutherford; and I must have walked three or four miles and ridden on train and trolley and "L" twenty-five or thirty miles; yet I have no weariness nor drowsiness, and will write until after 2 A. M., before I sleep. My only nourishment before 3 P. M. was a pint of lemonade, and at that hour a glass of hot lemonade, and at eight to-night a spoonful of malted milk in a glass of hot water. I am strong, my weight has not yet receded to one hundred and eighty pounds net, and it looks as if the thirty days of fasting will be realised.

Friday afternoon, May 5.—It was nearly three this morning before I retired, and then not because of weariness, after constant writing from midnight on. The usual six hours of sleep were reduced to five, and yet to-day I feel no ill effects, and I am confident the thirty days can be accomplished safely. It is now 3 P. M. and six hours of continual writing are at an end, and my journey to New York and to outside work begins. I feel as strong as ever. My pulse beats on steadily at sixty, and I have no appetite nor hunger. The continuance of cool weather is helpful.

Saturday morning May 6, 8 A. M.—I have had a refreshing sleep and bath and glass of pure cold water, and am ready for hours of writing, and the busy day of outside calling that is before me. The observation of conditions grows monotonous, weight decreases half a pound a day, heart beats sixty to the minute and strong, no weakness nor weariness apparent. Work is delightful, hopefulness rampant, opportunities developing, and personal interest in the continuance of my fast for thirty days intensified, as health and strength hold and increase, and endurance becomes a pleasure.

Sunday morning, May 7.—Even the cloudy sky and the promise of rain do not affect my mental joyousness. The physical, dominated by the will, with the mind conscious of constant improvement and purification, makes no call for nourishment and presents no extraordinary changes from "the even tenor of its way." An hour of exercise and bathing have raised the pulse beat to seventy-two, but its force and steadiness demonstrate perfect health and vigour.

That wonderful heart of ours, and its never ceasing rhythm, as it sends the river of life on and forever onward

in its course through the veins and arteries, over and over and over, in its tireless destiny! How beautifully Ella Wheeler Wilcox expresses it in her poem, "The Wheel of the Breast," which she graciously permits me here to reproduce.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Through rivers of veins on the nameless quest
 The tide of my heart goes hurriedly sweeping,
 Till it reaches that curious wheel o' the breast,
 The human heart, which is never at rest.
 "Faster, faster," it cries, and leaping,
 Plunging, dashing, speeding away.

The wheel and the river work night and day.
 I know not wherefore, I know not whither
 This strange tide rushes with such mad force;
 It glides on hither, it slides on thither,
 Over and over the self-same course,
 With never an outlet and never a source;
 And it lashes itself to the beat of passion
 And whirls the heart in mill-wheel fashion.

I can hear in the hush of the still, still night,
 The ceaseless sound of that mighty river ;
 I can hear it gushing, gurgling, rushing,
 With a wild, delirious, strange delight,
 And a conscious pride in its essence of might,
 As it hurries and worries my heart forever.

And I wonder oft as I lie awake,
 And list to the river that seethes and surges
 Over the wheel that it chides and urges—
 I wonder oft if that wheel will break
 With the mighty pressure it bears, some day,
 Or slowly and wearily wear away.

For little by little the heart is wearing,
Like the wheel of a mill as the tide goes tearing
And plunging through my quiet breast,
And a network of veins on a nameless quest,
From and forth into unknown oceans,
Bringing its cargoes of fierce emotions,
With never a pause or an hour for rest.

Saturday was as usual a busy day, with walking, business calls and its miles of journeyings. A friendly call from my doctor friend assured me of the safety of my continued fast when he announced my heart's action "as strong and steady as weeks ago." Fear having been entirely eliminated, there is no nervous condition remaining to accelerate the heart's beating, or cause want of confidence in one's vitality. The close of the fourth week comes with a dinner at a fat cousin's in Jersey, where I know by the reunions of other days, an abundance of the "good things of life" will be provided. But the enjoyment of others does not decrease my own, and having in a former eight-day fast attended a banquet on the fourth day, and resisted *abundant temptation*, this incident to-day I am confident can be endured with comfort. And although there has not yet been a return of natural hunger, the expectation that my fast may close on the thirtieth day finds me occasionally reverting mentally to the first nourishment it will be wise to take when the fast is ended, *if* it ends, at six o'clock on Tuesday evening. When it began I had no intention of continuing *over* twenty days, and *expected* fifteen days would be the limit. Now that fasting has become a pleasure and an inspiration it is *easy* to say, "I will fast as long as it is beneficial," and *hard* to say, "It is enough." The one fact above all others that may make this fast of service to others, is that during its entire length I have worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and without undue weariness, and with constant enjoyment.

Slowly but surely nature has disposed of the unnecessary twenty pounds in the process, using it I suppose for nourishment, and thereby maintaining the body's strength. All the senses are more alert, a consciousness of lightness, elation, hope, is ever present, and the joy of perfect health permeates every atom of my being. There is no happiness on earth to compare with it. The joy of growing young, of rebuilding the earth home of the soul, of seeing life spreading out away and beyond the power of the human mind to realise with all its possibilities—these are a sufficient reward for the self-denial of the few days that have been taken from the physical life. Earth has no blessing comparable with perfect health. Life is of little moment without it. Its attainment is possible for all, and the price is unworthy of consideration. But the young will not listen and the middle aged will not believe. To wake up “with one foot in the grave” is certainly unwise. The old Book was right when it said, “Now is the day of salvation.” There never comes a “to-morrow!” There is nothing to be remedied in the past. Let the dead rest. “Act, act in the living present.” It is the eternal *now* that counts. There is no other time; the “*now*” has no end. It will always be *now* to the immortal. So this consciousness makes one young *eternally*. All the money in the world cannot purchase health, and with it the money of the world loses its false value and becomes only a servant to be used in making others happy. It is a glorious Sunday inspiration, the knowledge of infinite supply—of a fountain whose flow never ceases.

Monday afternoon, May 8.—It is nearly the close of the twenty-ninth day of my fast. I have been busy since eight this morning writing, after reading and writing until two-thirty this morning on my return, from Orange, N. J.,

where a delightful visit with relatives made Sunday an "oasis" in an experience, the most of which has been undertaken with work dominating three-fourths of every day. Six hours of travel on trolley and train and ferry, and an abundance of walking failed to weary me, and a return at midnight found me equal to two and one-half hours of my usual employment when at home. I can detect no loss of strength, nor inability to fulfil my intention of fasting thirty days. A will power that enables one to forego the delights of the table under the conditions of yesterday and the urging of friends and the seductiveness of the best of food, is surely capable of dominating the physical a little longer, even if the demands of hunger *should* assert themselves. A day of writing, an early afternoon journey to New York, and the attendance at and reporting of the special meeting of my Club are yet before me, and it will be hours on my thirtieth day before the duties of the night are past and needed rest can be enjoyed. But I am conscious of my ability to fulfil—and tireless.

Tuesday morning, May 9.—It was 2 A. M. when I returned home from the Club meeting, with no sense of weariness, and all the stronger for resisting the persistent urging of my friends to eat, and the seductive influences of the delicious looking and skillfully flavoured chicken casserole provided. This, the thirtieth day, which I had *intended* to make the *last* of my fast, finds me as strong as ever, full of energy, and with so much to do and so many calls to make, and so perfectly contented with my condition, that it may seem a duty to continue the fast a little longer. With no fear of injury to the wonderful mechanism of this machine in which I live, and inspired by the hope that it may teach humanity a practical lesson in endurance and self-denial, and how to find the fountain of youth and health and happiness, I will go on till natu-

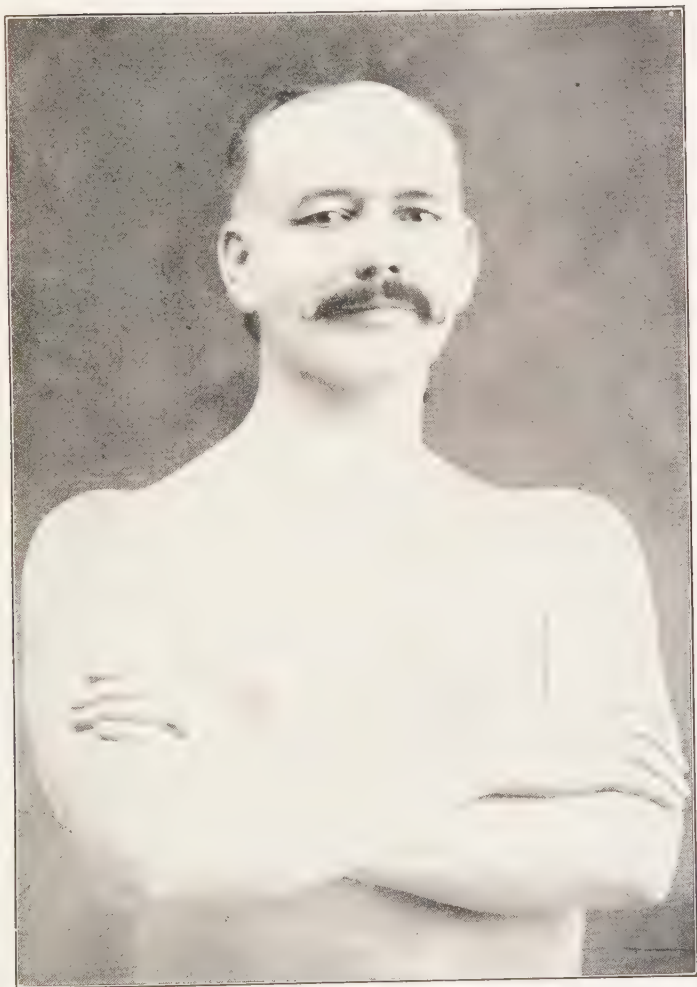
ral hunger's voice is heard, and my inner consciousness declares its need for "the bread that perisheth."

Wednesday morniny, May 10.—"And the evening and the morning were the"—thirty-first day. The thirtieth day signal was passed safely in the midst of work in the city, and without realising that the fast continued beyond the expected limit, until the thirty-first day had begun. Strong encouragement from Mr. Haskell to continue "with perfect safety and the assurance of increased physical and mental vigour" were helpful influences in my determination to go on until natural hunger should assert itself. I find my net weight now below one-hundred and eighty, if the scales are correct, and my girth down to twenty-nine inches. My heart beats strongly at sixty-six this morning. I *am* strong, capable of continuous mental and physical labour, and with no inclination for rest. Six to seven hours of sleep, cold baths and deep breathing, with an abundance of cold water seem a sufficient source of nourishment. No weariness discourages. No chills, pains, nor aches admonish me of nature's endurance. No nervousness nor fear arises to disconcert or destroy my hope and confidence. The days pass as they would if I were not fasting, only I accomplish more without weariness than usual, and a sense of lightness and elation constantly inspires me. It now seems as if I could safely continue to the end of the thirty-fifth day, and yet I am ready at the first admonition of natural necessity to begin again the interesting process of digesting food. There is one great comforting thought running through it all: that a foundation has been again laid for upbuilding,—a safe and sure one—of a pure body, a mind alert and ambitious, and a consciousness that the *years* are not the landmarks of *age*, and that it is as easy and ten times more delightful to grow young than

old! There is no excuse for talking, nor thinking, that "sickness is the common lot of humanity;" or that there is justification in "submission to the inevitable" so far as "age," as it is generally understood, is concerned. There is life and joy and opportunity, and always a "*future*" to be lived for, if we will!

Thursday morning, May 11.—Deep breathing and the elimination of fear as to the bad effects of fasting are the secrets of success in such an experiment as I am making. Pure air and plenty of it, pure water in abundance, and the consciousness of safety, and ultimate benefit that will be enduring—these are helps and incentives that make fasting a delight.

Many have tested this and found it true, and authentic records show that forty to fifty and even sixty days have passed and only benefit resulted. One case, that of Maria de Conceicao of Mendes, Brazil, was fully vouched for and described in the New York Journal over a year ago, where health and strength were maintained for over one hundred and eighty days. So a fast like mine, made not for disease, but for the reduction of unnecessary weight, with a perfectly sound body to commence with, unsaturated by either liquor or tobacco, loses its importance somewhat—unless by it humanity may be taught the *uselessness* of drugs, the *crime* of sickness when caused by self-indulgence and over-feeding, and the possibility of perfect health, long life and usefulness to others, with a body built up and renewed, and made youthful on a sure foundation, and so, recreated—a fitting habitation for the infinite part of us to dwell in! When this fast is finished, then the "no breakfast" plan of Dr. Dewey of Meadville, Pa., promulgated by him thirty years ago, the careful mastication of pure food, which needs never include meat of any kind, the discarding of tea and coffee,



J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Photograph taken on the 32nd day of his 45-day fast,
May 11th, 1905.

the drinking of water only after the process of digestion in the stomach is completed, and the constant breathing of pure air, with reasonable exercise—these combined should prolong my life to the rounding out of a century! “And the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.”

My friend Haskell writes me this morning, “If all is well at the end of the thirty-five days, stick till forty!” Perhaps I will. The desire for nourishment grows daily less, even water being taken in more limited quantities. I do not lose much in weight, the scales showing less than twenty pounds loss since the ninth of April. One friend, ex-congressman Aldrich of Alabama, writes me that he believes “enough food is wasted in New York City daily to feed one hundred thousand.” The money spent for alcoholic beverages in the United States in a single year, according to the Government report, is over one billion dollars. What might not be accomplished for humanity with the money wasted in a single year for liquor, tobacco and unnecessary food! Statistics are sometimes valuable reading. Here are a few of them from the New York World.

Nation's Drink Bill for Year Over a Billion.

TREMENDOUS SUM SPENT FOR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Amount of Whiskey and Beer Consumed Per Capita Growing Larger All the Time.

NINE YEARS' GAIN 46 PER CENT.

Astonishing Statistics Compiled Showing the Growing Thirst in This Country and its Cost.

WHAT WE DRANK IN 1904.

	GALLONS				
Coffee	1,653,955,254				
Beer	1,494,191,325				
Tea	475,000,000				
Spirits and Wines	158,640,796				
Total	3,781,787,375				

Are we becoming a nation of hard drinkers?

Certainly we are drinking in the United States more alcoholic beverages than ever before. The increase is not only in total quantity, which might be explained on the ground of increase of population, but the per capita consumption is going up all the time. Statistics prepared by the American Grocer, dealing with the consumption of whiskey, wine, beer, coffee, tea and cocoa for the year ending June 30, 1904, present some startling revelations.

The drink bill of the nation from June 30, 1903, to June 30, 1904, including alcoholic and non-alcoholic stimulants, was \$1,498,622.715. This sum almost equals the national debt and is more than twice the income of the United States Government for the period under comparison.

Over a Billion for Drink.

Of this great sum the people of the United States spent \$1,277,727,190 for beer and whiskey and wines. They spent \$165,395,525 for coffee; \$47,500,000 for tea, and \$8,000,000 for cocoa.

From the standpoint of the advocate of temperance the most alarming feature of the growth of drink is the fact that whiskey, instead of falling out of fashion as a beverage or stimulant, is growing in favour. Despite the fact that most of the whiskey sold to-day is a combination of chemicals and more or less injurious, the people seem to like it.

More Beer and Wine, Too.

The gain in nine years amounts to 46½ per cent., and if the increase in consumption was confined to whiskey alone this would be bad enough. But we are drinking more beer, too—also more wine. In fact, the increase in the absorption of wine on the part of the American people is remarkable.

In the nine years since 1896 our wine consumption has increased exactly 100 per cent. We spent \$96,413,028 for wine in the year ending June 30, 1904, and a good portion of it was spent right in this town. Broadway is the expensive wine consumption centre of the United States, or, rather, Broadway and Fifth Avenue in the Tenderloin region. The increase in wine drinking is not, however, confined to champagne.

On the beer line we are moving along into a prominent place as a beer-drinking nation. We rank third in the quantity consumed as well as in the per capita consumption. Our beer bill was \$749,514,200 for the year ending June 30, 1904. We spend almost twice as much for beer as we do for whiskey and drink about eighteen times as much. The statistics show that our figures as to per capita consumption do not show the rapid increase in beer drinking that the whiskey figures exhibit. Nevertheless we are becoming more and more addicted to the beer habit.

Flush Year All Around.

We spent more than \$100,000,000 for more stimulants of all kinds in the last fiscal year than we spent in any year since 1900. Truly, it was a flush year. Statisticians say that the year closing on June 30, 1905, will show a more pronounced increase.

The average cost per year for each man, woman and child in the United States for stimulants is \$18.33, or

\$91.65 for each family of five persons. Just how much more we spend in the saloons than in the groceries for what we drink is shown by these figures, for our per capita expenditure for coffee, tea and cocoa was \$2.70, against \$15.63 for whiskey, beer and wines. On a family basis, according to these figures, we spend almost seven times as much for alcoholic as for non-alcoholic drinks.

Despite the exploitation of beverages to take the place of coffee, that standard old nerve-killer is holding its own and more. Since 1896 the per capita gain in the consumption of coffee has been 44.88 per cent., a gain almost ranking with that of whiskey.

We drank more coffee than we did beer, but we paid almost seven times as much for the beer as we did for the coffee. The difference in consumption in favour of coffee was almost 200,000,000 gallons.

Fifth Among Nations.

As drinkers of spirituous liquors we rank fifth among the nations.

Germany drinks 1,783,000,000 gallons of beer a year, the United Kingdom 1,501,000,000 gallons, and the United States 1,494,000,000. We bid fair to pass Germany if our percentage of increase keeps up.

All these figures show that we are stimulating ourselves more and more every year and that the growing sentiment in favour of moderation in drinking is more than offset by the increase in the drinking habit.

Friday morning, May 12.—I note my pulse is seventy-two this morning, and, it may be imagination, apparently not quite so steady and strong as usual. Perhaps the declaration of my doctor friend in New York that it was intermittent—"it stops and goes on again"—had some-

thing to do with the nervousness which I am conquering, because I *know* I *am* well, that my pulse and respiration *are* normal, and that I *feel* stronger rather than *weaker* as my fast goes on! A glass of unfermented grape juice was a most refreshing draught from nature's fountain yesterday. I do not wonder the grape cure has become a fad in Germany and a popular method of regaining health. It should be tenfold more so in America, where vineyards crown multitudes of hillsides, and a "health resort" can be established on every farmer's homestead. Plenty of exercise and scores of miles of travel made yesterday a strenuous one, so that sleep was welcome before midnight for the second time since April ninth, and seven hours of dreamless rest find me as hopeful, strong, and *hungry* for work as at any time during the thirty-three days of my fast that end at six to-night. Thirty-five days seem very near and *forty* not so far away. The usual inspirational letters from friends come daily, and the usual *protests*; but the former are far the stronger and the influence of loving, helpful thoughts that come, give courage and determination.

Saturday morning, May 13.—A gloomy, rainy day outside, but all is sunshine within. Oh, the exhilaration that follows a shower bath of cold water, and the strength that comes from restful dreamless sleep, and the deep breathing of pure air and the drinking of pure water! I feel them all. The thirty-fourth day of my fast will end at six to-night. My heart keeps on its rhythmic journey, beating steadily at sixty-six; my weight decreases slowly. It is days since I have tested the scales; but I know I am under one hundred and eighty, and I am sure the progress towards the normal weight of one hundred and seventy-five is slow. It may take forty days to reach it. The work of the day and night is so similar to the one that

goes before, it would be monotonous were not all work congenial and delightful. Writing until after midnight, as usual, was not wearying, and endurance seems greater as the days go on. No one can understand it save those who know by experience the wonderful mystery of infinite power from within. A call on Mollie Fancher in the afternoon was an inspiration, demonstrating as she does, beyond any other human experience, the possibility of living and retaining for nearly forty years the beauty, development and mentality of youth without the use of solid food, and maintaining through all the years a sunny soul in a bed-ridden body, and teaching a lesson in patience, endurance and cheerfulness, the equal of which the world has never known before. Long past fifty years of age, she has the appearance of one who has not seen thirty years; proving beyond contradiction that age does not depend upon the man-made markings of the passing *years*, and that there *is* a fountain of perpetual youth. If the lesson could be learned in time, there is no reason for growing old. But poor humanity has been taught from infancy to expect the end, and told that every path one treads "leads but to the grave." Far better the thought that life can be made to grow more joyous and beautiful every day one stays on the wonderful planet, for a hundred years, and that when a day of transition comes, there are worlds innumerable to explore, and heavens illimitable to enjoy.

Sunday, midnight.—The end of the thirty-fifth day came at six to-night, and now I have about decided that it is best to end my fast while I am strong and no evidence of special weakness of any kind is apparent. Saturday, with its many business calls and interviews with newspaper men, was as busy a day as any and ended at the usual hour. Dozens of protests from business associates

on Saturday, and almost universal disapproval of the experiment I have been making, were no *help*—to put it mildly—in my demonstration of what the physical can undergo with safety, and of the radiant health which reasonable fasting brings. But “none of these things moved me,” and Sunday, with its clouded skies and fog-laden atmosphere and rain, found me an early riser and the cold bath as delightful an “eye-opener” as ever. The morning furnished the inspiring eloquence of Dr. Hillis, that wonderfully gifted soul, whose words ring out with sincerity and hope and whose great mind—a fountain of truth and helpfulness—declares the “way and the life” worth journeying and living, teaching unselfishness and the joy of making others happy. An afternoon of reading and rest, a delightful dinner with friends, whose enjoyment of “good things” was no temptation, and an hour or two of sleep find me at midnight thoroughly awake and nervousness and fear destroyed. Rather than to be misunderstood and to have it said I fast on with a desire to “beat a record,” and in any spirit of emulation, so destroying the possible value of my effort towards the benefit of those who need this experience, I *can* gladly and willingly end the experiment *at once*. To do so while good health is assured, unnecessary fat eliminated and weight normal, is better than to strive to excel, with a possible *break down* that would destroy forever the *practical* lesson I desire to teach over-fed and sick humanity. A night of rest will demonstrate the wisdom of continuing, and my condition when I wake will teach me the better decision. A pulse now seventy-two and steady indicates that the effect of *fear* through a medico’s opinion of “weakness and intermittence” has passed, and no nourishment other than hot lemonade has been taken since the early afternoon. No thought is so dominant now as that the knowledge of

what I have been able to accomplish may, in some way, reach those who need help and health and happiness, and who thus can so easily acquire them all.

Monday morning, May 15.—I must acknowledge the closing hours of Sunday were anxious hours. It took all the strength possible to hold out against the antagonistic fears of others, and the distrust created in my own subconscious mind. Then, too, my pulse *did* seem unduly rapid, and my sensitiveness painfully close to the surface. Little things assumed the importance of great ones, fear of harmful consequences prevailed and the advice of everybody to “eat” was like a wave of fear, to breast which seemed impossible. I can remember the mistake of Saturday—drinking *rapidly* a goblet of very cold water—although I knew at the time when it was *too late* that I had been inexcusably *thoughtless*; but I felt so well I hoped the results would not be suffered long. I attribute this ordeal I have endured, coupled with the combined thoughts of family and friends as to *danger*, the real reasons for my apparently weakened condition. Just as I anticipated, the night of restful sleep has corrected all mental and physical disability, and I feel as well as at any time since the thirty-six days began. My pulse is steady at sixty-six this moment. The cold shower bath produced no shock and only exhilaration. I feel able for all the writing and travelling of the day. A bowl of hot lemonade is a sufficient nourishment, and I continue the fast with hope and desire that it may seem wise and best to round out with safety the forty days, to the accomplishment of which I aspire with no motive save the establishment of perfect health for myself, and the privilege of teaching the great lessons of economy, self-denial and helpfulness, and the path to the fountains of perpetual happiness, to others.

Tuesday morning, May 16.—The heat and climbing “L” and office stairs a plenty, with an abundance of walking, writing, and the regular duties of the always busy Monday, filled in the hours until midnight with constant physical and mental activity, and so made *fasting* only an *incident*, and its continuance easy.

I was delighted to find, on my first test of weight for several days, that I had, if the scales spoke truly, reached considerably below the desired one hundred and eighty pounds, which I hope never to exceed again. Sleep from one to seven seems to have fully rejuvenated me; and I am more and more assured that the combined antagonistic thought influences of friends on Sunday and the fear thereby engendered, caused any apparent weakness of the heart or indications of collapse which family and friends and doctor manufactured out of their own expectations, and of which there was never the slightest danger. I think my own consciousness a better guide than all the expert medical testimony obtainable. Whoever heard of a doctor telling a supposed-to-be sick man that he was well? There is where the Christian Scientist has the advantage of the doctor. *He* makes you *think* you are well at any rate, or tries to; and though he is terribly mistaken at times, he is, in the aggregate, away ahead of the medico in his influence for good. What a power there is in the strong, loving, hopeful thoughts and words of friends in one's behalf, when such an experiment as this is undertaken! To C. C. Haskell I am more indebted than to any human source, for the knowledge and the determination that has brought me thus far safely on the fortieth day journey into, to me, unknown realms of conquest, hope, ambition and opportunity. I think I realise something of the expectancy, will power and persistence that inspire a Columbus or a Peary, and urge them on to a successful culmination, whate'er betides. But, hav-

ing weathered the storm of the thirty-fifth day, I feel confident now of success. My pulse is strong, steady and non-intermittent at seventy-two. My energy is unimpaired, my work a delight, and after four hours of writing I am off again to Whitestone and College Point and wherever else time and duty call me. I had overlooked till now the clouded skies, the rain and fog. What matter they, if there be sunshine in the heart?

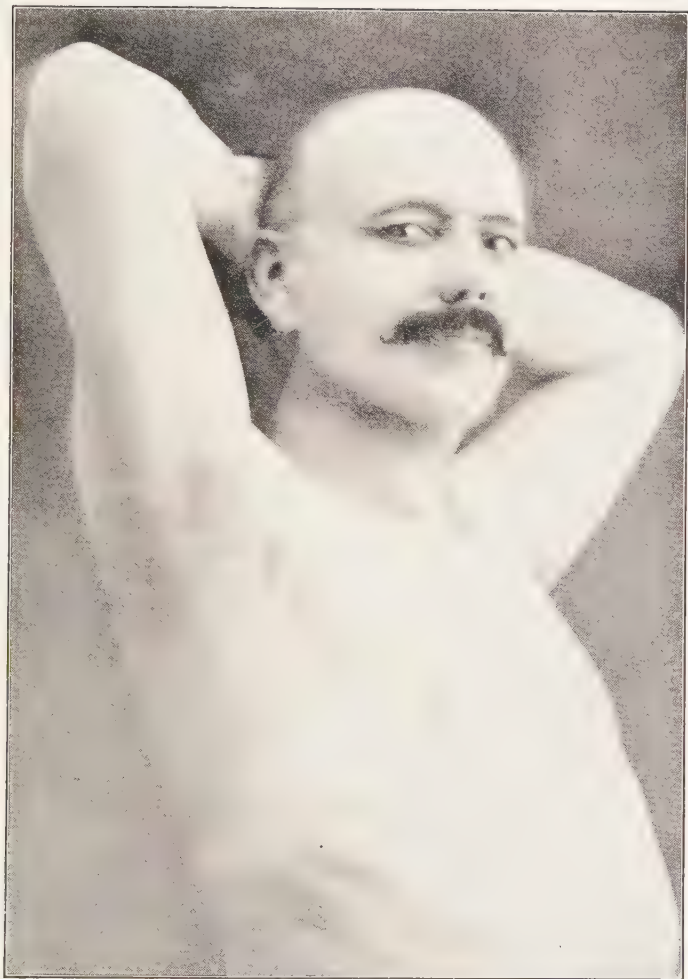
Wednesday morning, May 17.—The thirty-eighth day of my fast will end at six to-night. I have an invitation to spend my fortieth day at Norwich with my friend Haskell, whose letters, which I will add extracts from at the close of this narrative, have done much to encourage me and have tided me over the “weak places” where will and courage almost failed me. In fog and rain I walked miles yesterday, on Long Island, without undue weariness, making many business calls. An evening after eight at home with family and friends, and a couple of hours of writing up to midnight, found me apparently as strong as at any time this week, and with a normal pulse, with scarcely any more rapidity than would naturally follow an active day. Something woke me at five this morning with premonitions of a chill; a condition that menaced me two years ago, while making a ten-day fast, when I so little understood the safety and wisdom of this remedy. By copious drafts of warm water and hot lemonade, and a warm bath, this danger, if it were a danger, was avoided, and all unfavourable symptoms passed rapidly away. Now at nine o'clock I feel abundant strength and commence my duties—which include a fifty mile journey on the railroad—without fear, and with hope and determination to continue my fast to the end of the forty days. My photos taken on the thirty-second day, show little evi-

dence of physical strain, except in the thinness of the face; a condition naturally unavoidable, and which now is more in evidence, as a later photograph may show. The cold, dreary, sunless weather continues, but this delay of summer temperature has doubtless been one of the greatest helps in the long experiment, none of the weakening and depressing effects of prolonged heat having been contended against during all these interesting days. No better weather for fasting could have been provided if ordered and planned by an expert in atmospheric needs. It is questionable if any one could have made the fast successfully, working so constantly, during the one hundred degrees in the shade temperature of midsummer, and with humidity rampant. Therefore, I can advise intelligently the months of April and May as encouraging months for the amateur faster—and SAFE ones.

Thursday morning, May 18.—I really cannot remember feeling better since the ninth of April than I do this morning. At six to-night I will commence my fortieth day. A letter from Edgar Conable, the Editor of the "Pathfinder" of Los Angeles, assures me "You have beaten my record." The encouragement I have had by mail has wonderfully assisted me. My pulse is steady and strong at sixty. I have no pain nor weakness of any kind. The consciousness of perfect health is elysium. To have known early in life the wonderful regeneration in fasting and right living would have meant more than a score of years at the other end of my life, which are now problematical, though *possible*. Towards their attainment it will be a delight to strive. The Tarrytown and Scarborough hills proved no obstacle to exercise, nor were the long walks yesterday weakening. The cold and rain were so unimportant that they were enjoyable, and only made home and

rest all the more welcome. Long delays on the "L" made arrival late, and sleep began as usual after midnight; but six hours in a room with open windows and abundance of pure air are quite sufficient for nature's restoration. An interview with two fat friends at night was sufficient recreation for the day, but I doubt if the seed sown, and the influence exerted in showing the better way to health, has fallen on receptive soil. Still, it may cause some thinking, and thinking produces action and accomplishment. The hours fly as the end of my fast approaches. I am so well it is more than likely a *semi-fast* may follow the consummation of the forty days. The mind wonders just how the system will reconcile itself to the change, and with what success it will resume the popular methods of living again.

Thursday, midnight.—Six hours of my fortieth day have passed. The boat trip to Norwich did not seem best, and for the final hours of an ordeal like this "there's no place like home." It was 10 p. m. before the duties of the day were complete and the return made possible, and two hours of writing have not wearied me. It is probable at six to-morrow the long fast will end. It seems like the leave-taking of a friend. If all is well it may seem best to prolong the experience another day. At any rate, there is an abundance to do on the morrow, and there can be no better preparation for it than refreshing sleep. There have been *moments* of fear to-day to overcome, something very like a pain in the heart to consider, and the *usual* surmisings as to ultimate benefit or injury; but these gradually vanished as the day wore on, and were but shadows and memories as the evening hours sped, until now, at midnight, no trace of fear or weakness exists.



J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Photograph taken on the 40th day of his 45-day fast,
May 19th, 1905.

Friday morning, May 19.—In less than twelve hours the limit I had set for my fast arrives. My pulse beats sixty to the minute, just as it did forty days ago. There must be abundant life and energy in the pure air we breathe. Not a sign of weakness nor nervousness appears. Every feeling approves the wisdom of the experiment. I am conscious that it might be continued longer with perfect safety ; and so I go out to the work of the day without fear, and, I believe, in perfect health. If it seems best, the indulgence in the first nourishment of oranges may be postponed another day. Neither appetite nor hunger are yet in evidence, and “all is well” with me. When I write again, it will be to try and draw useful lessons from my fast for others, and to answer the many queries and objections and antagonistic thoughts that I have encountered and overcome.

Saturday morning, May 20.—The joy which follows success, the exhilaration of victory, is happiness intensified. The long race is run and the fortieth day mile-post passed. It is seldom a runner goes far beyond the finish line. A gradual lessening of speed is necessary and wise, but few press on with undiminished strength and purpose. Still, with me natural hunger has not returned, pulse and heart and lungs and brain manifest no signs of strain. I am better, if it be possible, than any morning since my fast began. Cold bath, deep breathing, exercise and work are all as welcome, and more so—and in ten hours the forty-first day without food will end. I hold myself alert and in readiness to listen and act when the voice of hunger calls. Meantime, my strength and perfect health are *dominant*. Yesterday was no exception to the ordinary day. As many calls to make, as many stairs to climb, as much to do. The evening devoted to inspiring calls on friends, in sympathy with all that tends to make humanity

free from sickness and master of itself. Every man and woman is a sovereign in his or her own right. The mind, the will, can never be made a slave, if the God-given power of personal independence is maintained." "Destiny" and "Fate" and "Luck" are man-made, and cannot control the human will. There is no end that is right and best that cannot be accomplished by right thought, and right living, and perseverance, and "keeping everlastingly at it."

An interview with Dr. Beall,—the well-known founder of the system of phrenophysics, who wrote that wonderful book, "The Life Sexual,"—is always a literary feast. No more practical or useful work for the young has ever been written; no book where the great truths and needs of being are so fearlessly, delicately and helpfully handled. This is the man whose keen insight into character from physiognomy has brought him in touch personally with hundreds of the great minds that have made American literature and art and drama immortal. And Mrs. Weaverson, the fearless exponent of the Mazdaznan philosophy, whose life is devoted to the happiness of others; whose advice and help have saved so many:—the woman who was brutally arrested and unjustly fined, through the prosecution of some medical association, and around whom friends without number rallied in indignant protest at the "Law's" unjustifiable persecution. To visit her is to gather strength from the hope and life she radiates.

Climbing five long flights of stairs twice within an hour was comfort and rest compared with forty days ago, when I had one hundred and ninety-nine and three-fourths pounds to *lift*. Now, one hundred and seventy-four and three-fourths pounds seem no burden. Walking, and even running a block to catch a train yesterday—the morning of the fortieth day—caused hardly a flutter of the

heart or an increase in its beating, and all day and night the wonderful engine works in its marvelous, tireless, rhythmic motion, without a protest or a pain, and the river of life, purified by the air, and deep and noiseless and constant, flows on. Now, all fear is banished, all doubts and distrust and lack of faith in the infinite power within—(made overwhelmingly dominant by the consciousness of its unbounded source),—all are destroyed; and I know, and I have proved, by my own experience, the safety, the cure and the joy of an intelligent fast made for health, and for the help of those who suffer, and for those who do not know “the way that leadeth unto life.”

Sunday night, midnight.—At six to-night began the forty-third day of my extended fast. With family and friends I sat down to a repast that ordinarily would tempt any palate and, through it all, neither hunger nor appetite appeared. The delightful day, abounding in sunshine and an atmosphere full of ozone and sweetness—music and rest, and the helpful presence of pure souls, full of harmony, made the forty-second day of my fast long to be remembered. Daily, too, come the helpful, inspiring letters of Mr. Haskell, that have done so much to strengthen me mentally, through what must seem to many these interminable days. Saturday was so full of engagements, and duties, and effort, that there was no time to think of eating even if the desire had materialised, and every moment until midnight found enough to do. No greater nourishment than the water and lemonade now seem needed by the system, no fear nor pain nor weakness threaten. The heart and lungs and brain are all intensely and constantly active. The prolongation of the fast to forty-five days, if it should seem best, looks easy of accomplishment. But I shall listen and obey when *nature* demands, and with the hope I may, through all

and above all, be able to make the experience helpful to all who suffer and who long for health. My weight seems almost stationary. In the forty-two days I have not yet lost thirty pounds; my face is not emaciated, nor my body; my heart's action is steady and strong, and does not vary. Sixty to the minute is the average—seldom do I detect a change. Sleep continues restful and unbroken, and every morning finds me ready for the day's duties, and with no weariness. In fact I have not known for all these weeks what it means to be tired. My photos on the fortieth day give no indication of weakness or serious loss of flesh. Dr. Hillis's grand sermon on the endurance of temptation and the glory of overcoming, was a sufficient inspiration with which to begin the day and week, and its memory a constant admonition and incentive towards the life worth living.

Monday morning, May 22. All is well. Sleep, dreamless and prolonged for seven hours, after writing until midnight as usual; and smiling skies, and air redolent with the breath of the coming summer, all combine to make the beginning of the new and busy week welcome. Surely the long delayed hunger will assert itself before many hours, and the wonderful machine in which I live will find all the wheels oiled, repaired, adjusted, moving on in every capacity with renewed life and strength and rhythm in the old and natural way. A reperusal of the book "Perfect Health," reassured me as to the safety in prolonged fasting, so many well authenticated cases are referred to, and proven there beyond a doubt. It is many a day since fear has dominated my consciousness for a moment. "I know in whom I have believed." The infinite source of life is within and around me. I have only to reach out and gather it. It fills me with strength. The air is charged with it. I take it into my being with every

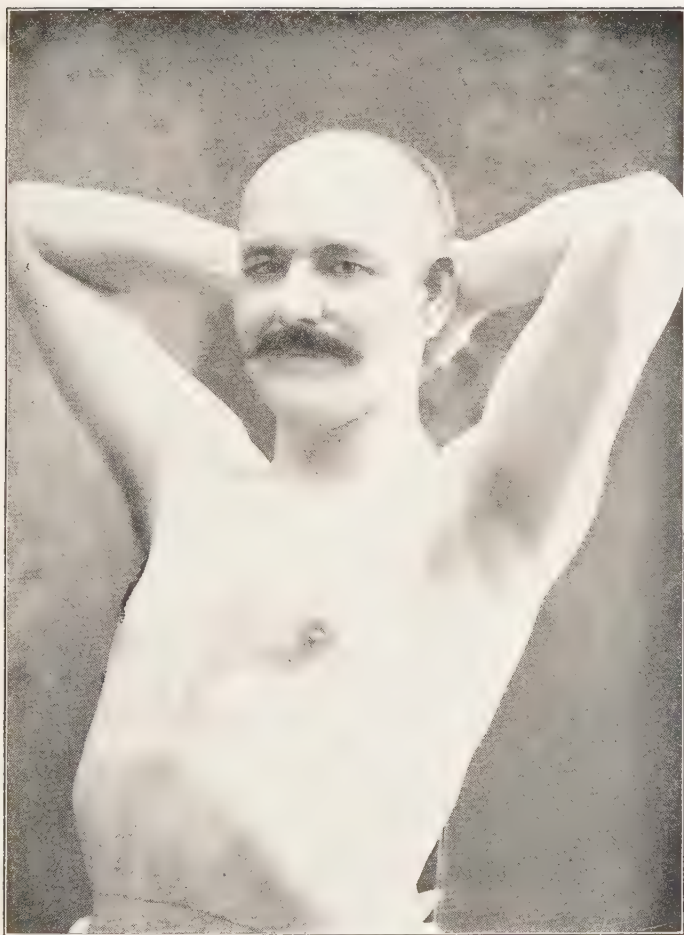
deep breath I draw, and I breathe deeply all the time. I tense the muscles of the body, according to the teachings of Prof. Farmer, of New York, whose own experience in the scientific way of living raised him from hopeless conditions from the medical standpoint, into the health and joy of mental and athletic perfection. More and more I realise that there is no excuse for sickness, and no need of it; that drugs should never enter the human stomach; that to be well born is the grandest heritage, and that life well begun and *lived* in the *early* years is an open sesame to a century of happiness on earth, and a glorious start on the endless voyage through all the centuries to come. I don't believe life should be "of few days and full of trouble," nor should our years be "spent as a tale that is told." Why should all be "vanity," and what good reason is there that we should "pass away?" With *health*, all else is possible. Every breath we breathe is *happiness*, and *happiness* is *heaven*; and *this* is the world to *stay in* just as *long* as we can be of *any use in it*.

Tuesday morning, May 23.—Monday, with its seven hours of writing and its after activity, is past, and the forty-fourth day of my fast goes on. No hunger, nor weakness and it is evident that nature is in no special *hurry*, or has forgotten me. I am waiting patiently for the "voice" that means the beginning of the familiar way of living, with its two daily meals, but I trust *not* the usual accumulation of weight. To keep below one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and to maintain perfect health and upbuilding, and so renew my youth and fight successfully life's battle over—that is my ambition and my hope. What the Christian Scientist would call a "claim of a bad cold," the result of the chill evening air and the draughty cars, was very much in evidence at the close of the forty-third day of my fast at six last night.

But this morning there is none of it. I am as strong and well as ever. My pulse averages from seventy-two to seventy-six, and is steady and aggressive. There is no intermittent character to it at all. It is *weeks* since the doctor put into my consciousness this fear that was so nearly my undoing. There is *no danger* for the heart nor for any organ of the body, during a fast, if *fear* is eliminated and *common sense* rules. Strange, but true, for days my weight has decreased so little that I can honestly say I have found in the air the demonstration of its nourishment and power to sustain life and health. Less than half a pound decrease is noticeable daily. Even now my net weight is considerably above one hundred and seventy, a loss of less than thirty pounds in forty-four days. If it were necessary I am conscious the fast could go on safely to fifty days ; but I feel from the experience already consummated, that I can teach to others the great lesson of the sustaining power of the infinite fountain from which life and health and all other blessings flow.

Wednesday morning, May 24.—If anything, I find my strength greater this morning than on any of the forty-five days which close at six to-night, when I have concluded it best the *fast* should end. Not that I could *not* go on with *safety* to the end of fifty days, for I am conscious this is possible, but having reached what is apparently my normal weight, there is no further benefit to be accomplished. My pulse is strong ; not one indication of weakness is in evidence ; no hunger nor appetite demand satisfaction. This must be as near as it is possible for me to attain to perfect health.

Thursday morning, May 25.—At eleven last night, forty-five days and five hours after my fast began, I took



J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Photograph taken on the last day of his 45-day fast,
May 24th, 1905.

my first morsel of "food," so called—beginning with the juice of three oranges, followed by a small portion of tomato soup and one triscuit—with all the enjoyment which natural hunger brings, and with the will to only take what reason indicated to be enough. At this hour, 11 A. M., I have taken nothing but a glass of lemonade and a spoonful of pure olive oil. I am conscious of approaching hunger, but have the desire for food under perfect control, and feel none of the demands of unhealthy appetite which destroy all the benefit and happiness of natural hunger and its satisfaction. I am conscious of radiant health and renewed life, and I joy in the knowledge of having learned how to live and breathe and sleep and work and think, so as to ensure me perfect health, and long life, and unlimited opportunity. The pleasure of rebuilding this house on a health foundation, that the storms will beat against in vain, is intensest delight. The knowledge of *how* to do it is mine. How to *teach* it so that *humanity* may profit is my sincerest desire. The way will open—the lesson is of too practical a nature to fail in interesting those who *need* it. My heart beats strong and steadily at sixty, my sleep was perfect, and to emphasize the error of those who predicted heart failure and collapse, and so nearly succeeded in discouraging me on the twentieth and thirty-fifth days of my fast, I took a Turkish bath at Dr. Sheppard's Sanitarium on Columbia Heights, one hour after the forty-five days ended. Not even *weakness* nor *weariness* followed the experience. The heart felt no undue excitement and did not accelerate its speed, and my net weight, after drinking a pound and a half—three glasses—of water, was exactly one hundred and seventy-three. On the fifth day of my fast, I weighed one hundred and ninety-four, showing a loss in the last forty days of my fast of twenty-one pounds. During the fast my lung capacity has considerably

increased, my heart has been afforded new and abundant room, and my waist measure has *decreased* to twenty-eight inches.

I have not a regret to record because of my experience. It has been as much to *me*, as to all who know me, a *revelation*. That it may do thousands the good it has accomplished for me is the dominant desire that now enthalls me. Many have been the objections and discouragements and moments of weakness overcome. These, and the lessons I have learned, may interest you, now that I have safely reached the goal, and, contrary to many expectations and predictions, am "alive to tell the story."

Friday morning, May 26.—The diet most nourishing and safe after so prolonged a rest of the digestive organs is important; but no arbitrary rules nor advice seem wise, each system being "a law unto itself." For myself, the first noon meal consisted of a plate of rice and tomato soup, a triscuit, and an apple uncooked; and at seven in the evening, a small portion of rice soup, with whole wheat bread and butter, sliced tomatoes, and rhubard sauce. Notice that no liquids are ever taken with my meals—no water, tea nor coffee—and that the healthful plan of "no breakfast" once enjoyed, no desire for the morning meal ever returns. The *appetite* makes no demand whatever, after the long fast, and *natural hunger* is most modest and reasonable, while every mouthful of food gives the intensest relish. The system will, I am confident, adjust itself without delay to the changed conditions, and all the functions of the body operate with perfect accord and comfort. The exhilaration and buoyancy which are always accompaniments of fasting will give way to the careful, earnest, practical methods of business regularity and management; and by proper observance of the needs

of the body, and eating only sufficient to maintain normal weight and equilibrium, perfect health may be continued indefinitely. Even the skeptics tell me—and apparently they are *convinced*—“Yes, I believe ninety out of every hundred eat too much,” but most of them let the other fellow work out the problem, and go right on eating just the same. “*Poison*” is the proper word for every ounce of food taken into the stomach in excess of what the system needs. It becomes a fermenting and useless mass of undigested refuse, that few can get rid of without all the miseries of sour stomach, constipation, headache, drowsiness, flatulency, and all the other “ills which flesh is (not) heir to,” and which it is a crime for human organisms to harbour at all. If there are any ill effects of my fast, they are certainly not yet in evidence. The determination to control appetite, to eat only what is needed for the preservation of strength, and to stand by my experience as of such value that anyone who wills may profit by it—these are the dominant thoughts that permeate my consciousness as I go on with the duties of each hour and day, endeavouring to demonstrate, in my own life, the power of infinite mind over matter, and the certainty of never-failing health supply from the great source of all life and happiness.

Monday, May 29—The injurious effects of a long fast, if there ever are any, certainly have passed me by. I am in perfect health. Not one evidence of weakness has protested against the wisdom and value of my experience. Every function of the body's mechanism resumes its regularity without jar to the system. Not a pain nor unnatural manifestation indicates that anything out of the ordinary has taken place. I am more confident than ever that there is no form of disease, no unhealthful condition of the body, that a fast will not remedy and cure.

An unsought interview with the representative of a metropolitan newspaper presages a publicity which I trust may bring a message of hope and healthfulness to many who need it. The days since Friday, when the last words were written in this "diary," have been uneventful. Every moment of each was happily employed. The Sabbath brought the inspiration of the lesson which Dr. Hillis eloquently drew from the Christ Life of Paul, and the companionship of family and visiting friends rounded out the day. Monday, the "busy" day of the week, has passed without weariness, and with every evidence of health and strength unlimited.

Tuesday, May 30.—Numberless have been the objections and enquiries while my fast continued. Its successful completion makes them easy to answer. The metropolitan papers have published to the world the facts of my experience, giving fairly accurate accounts of it. Enquiries now come daily from many parts of the country for details and information that only can be satisfactorily told through the medium of a book, which, telling as does this, the daily story, must naturally impress with its accuracy and truthfulness, substantiated as it is by the endorsement of physicians, and the published letters of my friend Haskell, written almost daily towards the end.

To be benefited yourself by my experience, you must be assured of its truth. In all I have quoted and written, I have never lost sight of this important necessity, and I have specially endeavoured to make this a personal appeal, in the hope that you, yourself—you, now reading—may find in the story, if you need it, the way to health and happiness. I have written as plainly, clearly and simply as possible, so that you may get help, if you want it, quickly. I have made my case your own, and have proved to you that good health is yours if you will have it. I care little as to the disease from which

you suffer. I know you can trace its beginning to your own indiscretions, and ninety-nine times out of every hundred, to an abused, overfed and overworked stomach. I believe if you will make over, renew, cleanse and cease to overcrowd your stomach, you need never be sick again. Without a pure stomach capable of digesting pure food, you cannot have pure blood, and without pure blood good health is impossible. Get back to the foundation of things. You can't build an enduring structure on the sand. What joy is there in living if you are sick, and knowing the way to health, what excuse can you offer that will satisfy the infinite within you, or will let your conscience rest? This subject of perfect health is the most important consideration of the century. It appeals to you direct, for without it your days are numbered. If you are in the heyday of youth I can readily understand why you so flippantly cast the consideration of this matter aside for "a more convenient season." *There* lies the great mistake of humanity, and there is the error *you* will make, and so fill all your years with vain regrets. *Now*, when you are young, you can lay the foundation for long life and usefulness that no storm can disturb. But you won't do it. Like all the rest you will say, "There's time enough—what's the use? Life is all before me. My parents and grandparents, some of them, lived to be eighty, ninety, one hundred—why not I?" You'll never wake up until drastic measures to get back on the road again are necessary, and then you will perhaps realise it is too late. Abused nature's last protest comes to many fifty years before their time. With life so precious that man would often give all that he possesses for an hour of it, reckon, if you can, the value of fifty years! How can you afford to leave the world in this the greatest century of all the ages? Why not stay and enjoy the developments of the coming fifty

years? The era of physical knowledge, health, and longevity is dawning. Never was humanity so generally and deeply interested. The day is soon coming when children will be better born, and when it will be recognised to be, what it *is*, a crime, to bring sickly and undeveloped babies into the world. The great curse of the ages is "licensed libertinism." It has made woman a slave, filled the world with incompetents, and reduced the average of human life to less than half the years to which it is entitled. There is no other road that leads back to "the glories of nature's first intent," except the path of true and scientific living. Not an honest doctor but is in accord with every truth that has here been uttered.

Dr. Ida C. Mahn, of the Professional Woman's League, wrote a few weeks ago a grand article for the "World," the result of her own experience, after reducing her weight over sixty pounds in three months, and in which she gave as the chief causes of obesity in her own sex, "Corsets, laziness and uncleanness,"—plain talk which some of the fair sisters will be unwilling to acknowledge true. Regularity and vigilance are the foundation rules of her system. Moderation in eating, walking, sleeping—everything—seems to have been the basis of her method. "Constant vigilance" was her watchword. "The philosophy of drinking two quarts of water daily," she says, "is the necessity of the internal bath." Over-indulgence in stimulants, especially beer, she condemns, while proper bathing and exercise are given the importance they demand. If she had advocated, with it all, the "no breakfast" plan, the injury from drinking anything with meals, and the uselessness of meat eating as a creator and conservator of strength, she would have vied with Mr. Haskell as a teacher for universal humanity. But Dr. Mahn is on the right road, and will become one of the saviours of the world. A fearless advocate of right

eating, and the manufacturer of many varieties of pure food, is C. D. Whitcomb, of Detroit, Mich. His whole wheat flour, hygienic bread, and cream-o-nuts, are unequalled; and he has a dozen good things besides on his bill of fare. His unselfish advice cannot fail to benefit his fellows, and he has, he claims, the "only 'Hygienic Market' in the world." I know by experience the genuineness of his shipments, and, by personal association, the bravery and honesty of his theories.

In the "Ladies' Home Journal" for June, another testimony of immense value to all who need its teaching is given by Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Of especial interest are the lessons she teaches as to life in the open air, the chemistry of foods, the conservation of energy, the wisdom of the "no breakfast" plan, and the regaining of health,—"from the verge of the grave"—as in her own case, by sensible living. It is an interesting story. At its close, of special value to the housewife, she says:

"I shall end my days, I presume, in trying to teach people how to live, and in every article I write, in every sentence I utter, the truths come from experience, and experience of the hardest kind. It is not easy, I grant you, for a perfectly well woman to be interested in subjects pertaining to the sickness of others. If one has been ill, and by careful living has become strong, it is difficult to understand why other people do not follow the same paths.

"In summing up, my perfect health, absence of headaches, my gigantic capacity for work without tiring, are due to the small amount of food I take, fitted and suited to my occupation and surroundings; to a goodly quantity of fresh, pure water, plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise.

"I live in a house that is thoroughly aired every morning; sleep in a room with the windows raised as high as

possible; use light, thin underclothes in the house. I do not have carpets that are tacked down; nor upholstered furniture, nor any amount of drapings. In short, I remove, as nearly as possible, all dust-collectors.

"I do my best, and heaviest, work early in the morning, while my stomach is absorbing the glass of cold water that I have taken immediately after a cold bath.

"I do not drink iced drinks, nor eat iced foods."

You will notice that I chose for recreative reading during my long fast, books and articles that would encourage me. If I fast again for forty days or more, I will not need them. Once over the road is enough. The second journey is an easy one. It has ceased to be one of discovery. That is why I have found every succeeding fast easier than the last. Another book, most helpful, "The art of Living," by Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith, of Amherst, Mass., should be in every home in the land. Every word of good advice in it is "the voice of the Master." It contains a chapter on "The Science of Living," by Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey, that is invaluable. Especially does he emphasise the danger of eating without natural hunger, and dilate upon the wonders of the brain, which never loses weight by sickness, and is recuperated by rest and sleep and not by food. Food, he says, is never a source of energy, and its actual need is merely to restore the wastes of the body. Thorough mastication of the food is made of the greatest importance, and the drinking of water only, and that only to meet the demands of thirst. Cheerfulness is inculcated above all else, and without it the highest health is not attainable. Dr. Smith's own experiences are thrillingly told, and made clear and helpful to all.

I have already spoken of Elizabeth Towne's "Practical Methods for Self-Development" as one of the helpful volumes read while I was fasting. It is only one of many which she has written for the world—monuments that

will remain to bless humanity long after she has journeyed on to the new life she will deserve "beyond the stars."

Of "Perfect Health," by C. C. Haskell, I can never say enough in praise. This is the book that first opened my eyes to the possibility of growing young, of beginning life over again, of banishing disease, of living scientifically. I have read it many times, and again during the long fast just accomplished, and never without help and benefit. Perhaps no book ever written on the entrancing subject of "Good Health" is of greater value than Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey's work, "The True Science of Living." The introduction to this great book by Rev. Geo. F. Penticost, in which he graphically describes his cure from about the whole list of human ills, is itself a revelation. But the book is the "Gospel of Health," which all the world should hear. For over a dozen years it has spread the glad tidings in every land, until the whole earth has been forced to listen to the magic of its voice. No man nor woman who reads it and follows its teachings can be sick. But it is too thrilling and interesting a work for criticism here. Read it, and read it thoroughly, and think while you are reading. It will open the door of heaven on earth to you if you have not already entered the magic portals. For the results achieved for humanity, the lessons that it clearly teaches and the good it has accomplished for all time, no name than that of its great author more worthily could be inscribed upon the "Hall of Fame."

You ask me why I fasted. I answer: First, to reduce my weight to what science and experience declare to be the normal condition of one five feet ten inches in height, or as near to that weight as can be safely reached in a short time. I believe there is no other way but fasting whereby the object can be accomplished and health

maintained and improved at the same time. All other "obesity cures" are unnatural and dangerous. One has only to look at the fake pictures and advertisements in the papers to realise this, if he will mix common sense with his observation. It is pathetic to study the frauds practised on poor humanity. Will it never learn that nature is the great physician, and her cures are genuine and sure. The photographs, taken during my fast, demonstrate the claims I make, that the loss of weight is so gradual, the maintainance of strength so possible, and the nourishment in the pure air so great, that the object desired may be accomplished without the face developing wrinkles, or the body decreasing beyond the bounds of symmetry.

The duration of my fast continued far beyond my intentions when it began. If you ask why, I again answer:—to reduce myself to normal weight, which experience declares to be for me between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Its accomplishment became, I will admit, an ambition; not for the sake of exceeding the records of others, but that I might see the end I sought accomplished and rejoice in victory. Had I for a moment believed I was passing the *limit* where *safety* was threatened, the fast would have ended, and I would have made the best of the disappointment and *tried again*. I have no regret because of having persevered. I am writing this two weeks and two days after the fast ended. My weight to-day is one hundred and seventy-five pounds, a gain of but two pounds since the processes of digestion again began. This fact is especially gratifying because after every other fast my weight increased more rapidly. I have found the secret of *maintaining* perfect health after securing it through fasting. I find the desire for *more* than sufficient food to maintain normal weight and strength has been destroyed.

I never enjoyed food more than now, but I know instinctively *when* the natural demand has been met, and I have the will power to *resist*. It may interest you to know what a faster's stomach finds satisfactory after a long vacation. Preparations made from the Whitcomb whole wheat are especially appreciated. The cleanly made triscuit and shredded wheat appeal to me. Barley, rice, celery and asparagus soups come next in favour. Pure butter, milk, and cream in limited quantities are always welcome. Tomatoes, turnips, beets, onions and spinach among the vegetables, and baked apples, bananas, strawberries, peaches, pears, plums, and oranges among the fruits. Nuts of every kind are wholesome. Surely, from such a generous supply, the very best for health and strength may be selected, and thereby the days of headaches, biliousness, sour stomachs, colds, drowsiness, constipation, heartburn, (whatever that is), obesity, rheumatism, kidney trouble, diseased liver, appendicitis, and a hundred other imaginary and acquired ills are forever relegated to the realms of unhappy memory. I ought to *know*, for I have had the *most of them*, and I *do know* that now I have perfect health and I am afraid of *none* of them. With the consciousness of strength unlimited, of ability to resist the attacks of microbes and contagious diseases, and the possession of an infinite source of power with which to overcome, of *what*, or of *whom* shall I be afraid? I have eaten but two light meals daily, drinking only water and lemonade, and these only after the process of digestion of food is complete; and I have exercised, and bathed, and slept, and worked exactly as I did while fasting. I note no special increase in strength because I was strong when the fast ended. *Every* habit and function of the body is as natural as on the ninth of April, and this is the ninth of June. I have taken no special rest nor recreation, I find *all* work

enjoyable and *every* day a delight. The "collapse" predicted has been sidetracked somewhere ; the "you'll find out" man is still waiting, and the "*drop dead*" man has not been heard from. I believe all the benefits achieved will be permanent. I give you these *details* in the hope they may encourage *you*, remove all *fear* from your experience, and bring to you the same buoyant hope and health which has come to me. There can be no *selfish* motive in this—no *personal* advantage. The cure I advocate is *as free as the air which cures you*. It costs you *nothing* but self-denial and will power to take the "medicine." No noxious drugs are listed, to defile your stomach and poison your body. No doctor's prescription to be filled by the doctor's druggist is given you at \$2.00 to \$2,000 a prescription.

Since I read the book "Perfect Health," for which I paid \$1.00, I have never spent a cent for drugs or doctors. *That* was a "prescription" worth while, and I now *give it* to you. By writing Mr. Haskell, at Norwich, Conn., you can have it filled for a dollar, and it is more than likely, if you follow directions, you will *never* need another prescription, not in a hundred years. You ask me if I had any "gnawing sensation" in the stomach while fasting. I tell you, *No!* During the first fast I ever made, for two days, I *suppose* these were the feelings that most annoyed me. They are all in the *consciousness*, in the *expectation*, in the *ignorance* concerning fasting which makes a *first* experiment *problematical*. You are not *sure* of yourself, of the wonderful mechanism of the body, of the *safety* that is unquestionable when you understand. During *this* long fast I had no such annoyance to contend against. Not only was this "appetite" destroyed, but hunger too disappeared. It may be that your experience will *at first* be similar to *mine*. It need not *surprise* you. But what of it? If you *had to* have

a leg cut off, would you not *submit* to the operation? Surely you can for health's sake, and all the after years of usefulness and happiness, *submit* to so little a thing as the cutting off of appetite; and think of the glory of mastery, the joy of forever after having it "under your feet!" You ask me why I occasionally drank a glass of unfermented grapejuice or a spoonful of malted milk in hot water during my fast. I answer you, for the sake of variety, and not of necessity; for the pleasure to the sense of taste, and not for nourishment. The compressed nourishment of all beverages, including lemonade, taken during the forty-five days, would not total the food which *you* take into your stomach in a single meal! *Not one of them* is a necessity. As long a fast can be made with *absolute safety* with *water* alone, and *will* be, at any time scientific demand makes such a test a benefit to humanity. Remember, during all these forty-five days there was no weakness, no pain, no cessation from the demands of business. Sleep was always perfect, unbroken, refreshing; exercise in the open air a pleasing necessity, the cold bath an inspiration. And yet I *realise* that without the *mental* consciousness of strength and safety, failure could not have been avoided; but *with* this consciousness, "*there is no such word as fail.*" As to the time of the year to fast, no definite instructions are possible. *Evidently* the spring time cannot be beaten. But my first fast was begun in the midst of August heat, and *yours* should begin as soon as you finish reading this book, and *if you need it*, there is no excuse for an *hour's* delay. Fasting has no season. It can be taken any time. There is no need of any *preparation*, as there *is* when you have to be cut open for appendicitis, and tumour, and cancer, and other voyages of *investigation* and *discovery* made by our medical friends. The fact is, with a perfectly healthy stomach, and proper eating of pure food, *these* diseases

and *all* diseases will again become unknown. Most of all diseases are of *modern origin* and with *pure living*, ninety-nine per cent of them are *impossibilities*!

You ask me if I advise a *thin* person to fast, and I say yes, if the stomach has been *abused* all your life until *assimilation* of food is *imperfect* and the making of *pure blood* beyond your *ability*! You *never* will be well until your *blood* is pure. Your *blood* will never be pure until you can *digest* and *assimilate* your food. You must *first* get a healthy stomach, and the first medicine your stomach needs is *rest*. You need not make a prolonged fast—three days will do to commence the rebuilding. Then cut out for all time the morning meal. Even when in perfect health, it is unwise. How much more so for you, with your gastric juice factory in ruins, your stomach coating inflamed, your stomach itself about ready to be put forever on the shelf? Do you think you ever will get well while the motive power producer that runs the machinery is incompetent? Get your *stomach* right, and nothing else can long be wrong. Without a good stomach you cannot make *good blood*, and without *good blood*, *heart* and *lungs* and *liver* and *kidneys* will all “*strike*” sooner or later—and “the game is over.” It makes no difference how *thin* you are. You will *soon* be fat enough and healthy enough to repay you ten thousandfold for the ordeal you are about to endure. If you *don't* try it, you will never be *well*! Maybe the doctors have already *given you up*. If you “have to die anyway,” *surely* this is worth the *trial*. Call it “the last straw,” if you want to, but *grasp it*, for I tell you it will keep you from sinking! Drop your tea and coffee, and, (I think it best)—your *meat*; masticate your food thoroughly, drink nothing with your meals, breathe deeply pure air, day and night, and keep your mind lifted up, confident, pure. Why, you *can't* stay sick nor

thin very long *if you try to*, if you take the advice I am giving *you, for you know* it is the voice of experience to which you listen.

This book is not written for those who *will not hear*;—not for the rich, who would give all their millions for health, but are without the moral courage needed to adopt this simple system, and who will not listen, and so by the apoplexy or fatty heart, or “Bright’s disease” route, pass on into deserved oblivion, with not even a dollar of their money for company in the “great unknown.” Nor for the epicure, “whose god is his belly,” and whose distended stomach, and bloated countenance, and bleary eyes, and laboured breath denote the glutton, and whose days are already numbered. Why waste thought and prayer and labour on such a barren field? Nor have I written for the libertine, whose wasted powers are demonstrated by the cadaverous flesh, the nervous body-wreck, the shaking hands, the mental incapacity, the gratification of the lowest passions—these despoilers of homes, these men and women who ruin innocent youth and whose greatest joy is in the damning of immortal souls! No “hell” the mind of man has ever conceived can be too hot for them. And yet “true scientific living” is so omnipotent that even all of these can find salvation there.

But it is for you I write—you young men and women, just beginning life’s journey, with a century of years before you if you want them, and will “pay the price.” *What is the price?* The conservation of your energies, pure thinking, pure air, pure food, pure water and healthful and abundant sleep. Nothing more—nothing less. Is the price too high? With this foundation, in this glorious age, with a hundred years to live, what is there you cannot accomplish? And I have written this for you, who, like myself, of “middle age”—forty to sixty

—have begun to think, and feel there is a “shady side” to life. It is a mistake, and we would know it better if we had known *how* to live forty, thirty, twenty years ago. *But it is not too late. We can, if we will, grow young again.* It is our right, our privilege, our duty. I have told you the way. I not only tell you—I show you. I am younger to-day than twenty years ago. It will be my own fault if I do not live to be one hundred, and beyond, and I say the same of you.

I was certainly on the wrong track. It led to death. Is it any wonder, with my two hundred and thirty-five pounds I was forced to carry around a load of rheumatism, and jaundice, and headaches innumerable and intolerable, and all the premonitory symptoms of that infernal misnomer, “Bright’s disease?” I have no excuse. Just like yourself, I “deserved all that was coming to me,” and I got it. But there is such a thing as the “turning of the ways.” *You* have come to them, and so did I. When you once set your face towards the light, you will never look back again. Why should you? Behind you there is nothing but the husks to eat—the past is dead, and so are the animals which under the guise of “meat” you have killed and eaten. Did you ever think of your meat-eating habits from the *humanitarian*, and also from the *danger*, standpoint? For *how can you tell* whether or not the cow, or horse, or calf, or sheep, or innocent lamb, or hog, or lobster, or oyster, or fowl you make a part of *yourself* was *diseased*? Forty per cent of them are! Will you always escape? What’s the use of running the risk, if you can be as happy and healthy without it? No honest physician, no scientist, no student of human anatomy will refuse to give as an opinion, founded on study, research and observation, that meat-eating is *not a necessity*, and that perfect health and strength are possible *without it*. It certainly will not

kill you to give your body a fair show *for a year*, by dropping it from your bill of fare! Oh, no! *you are one* of the fellows who want “a short life and a merry one,” and that only “goes through the world once.” *How insincere you are!* Nobody wants to *live* more than *you do!* You can’t bear to *think* of death, and yet *can’t help thinking of it!* Why, don’t you know, living the new life, the thought of death never enters your consciousness. What have you to do with death? It is *life*, and life abundant that you need. *Take it!* The *living waters* flow at your feet. You have only to reach out and *touch them*, and, behold! *you are whole!* You of forty and fifty and sixty, I tell you, you are *young* if you *will* be. It is not too late to be healed. I care little what the name or nature of your malady! And you who have journeyed so far towards, or past, your three-score years and ten, *you* don’t want to die! Although you often *say* you do, and that “there’s nothing left to live for.” What a *fallacy!* *You* want to live as much or *more* than the youth just launching his boat on life’s ocean. *Why* do you want to *die?* What do you *know* of “the unknown bourn from which no traveller returns?” *This* is the world for *you!* It is full of sunshine and happiness. It is *your own fault* if you are not able to enjoy it. Oh, if you had only known how to live before it was so late! and yet it is not *too late* for *you* to quaff the waters of life and *live again*. Even *you* can repair that old worn-out stomach and make it quite respectable. Every drop of whiskey you have poured into it, every morsel of badly digested food with which you have crowded it, every mistake physical you have ever made, you have got to *pay for* now, and you *have* been paying, in lame back, rheumatic knees, poor sight and hearing, toothless gums, and “the Lord only knows,” what *else* ails you! It was all so unnecessary, *if you had*

only known! But it *isn't too late yet* to fix up the house for a "green old age." Wonderful things will be accomplished *here* in the next twenty-five years. Why not at least *try* to stay and *see* them? Give up your breakfast and your toddy, your meat and your coffee, your pipe and your inactivity. What *use* are you, "hanging around?" *Do something!* It will help to make life a "song," while you stay. Everybody loves a happy, healthy old man or woman. Their very presence is a benediction. Do you think I can ever forgive the incompetent old doctor who let my dear mother die at eighty? If I had only known, as now, so that I could have taught her how to live, she would be with me yet. And the other M. D., called in as *a last hope* that she might yet be saved, with his "professional courtesy" *refusing* to take the case lest he *offend* his brother physician! Do you wonder I have *little* to say in favour of the doctors? (I shall have something more to say of them before these pages close.) True scientific living will not only save life in the young and the middle aged, but it will prolong life for the so-called old. The history of the world abounds with the records of "grand old men," made so by right living, and appreciation of nature, and closeness to her loving heart.

You ask me what diseases a fast will cure, and that you may have the benefit of expert medical testimony, I refer you to Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey's Book "True Scientific Living"—or to C. C. Haskell, of Norwich, Conn. The latter knows better than I, and what he knows concerning this important query, he is always glad to tell. Modestly, but with wonderful power and growth, his teachings are spreading throughout the wide, wide world. "Coming generations will call him blessed!"

Would I advise fasting as a cure for diseases the doctors have given up as incurable? I certainly *do*. If you are "*incurable*" there's no further hope from the *medical*

source. You might as well be *practical*. "While there is life there's hope!" Thousands of just such cases *have been cured*. You know "when your father and your mother and the doctors forsake you then the *Lord* will take you up." There is a wonderful truth hidden in this partial declaration from the old Book. *Never give up, yourself*. That's the secret of salvation! Trust the infinite *within you*, the God-power that dwells in *every* human soul, the only *sure* defense, the realization of *omnipotence*, the *indwelling* of the Almighty, the consciousness of *our oneness* with God; *that* saves us, and makes us of any real *value* in the world.

"But wouldn't a general belief in your theories make doctors unnecessary?" you ask me. Certainly, in time. Why not? If good health were universal, the doctors could easily find some other respectable employment. But none of them will lay awake nights worrying in *our* time, for fear of widespread *health* flooding the country. They are "quite comfortable, thank you." *Good health* is not *catching*.

"And the surgeons?" Well, I suppose we *will* need a few of them while "wars rage" and "accidents (so-called) happen." Grand men, some of these surgeons are. For every successful operation they perform, every sense they restore, every gentle touch on fevered brow, every tender word and cheery flash of sympathising eye, God bless them! But even *surgeons* forget. Did you read what the noted physician and author, S. Weir Mitchell, said before the American Neurological Association at Philadelphia last week? For their neglect of patients *after* operations he scored them thus: "*The surgeon who performs the task, and the physician who lets the sufferer go ten days afterwards, taking no account of how he or she subsequently progresses, should be severely censured!*"

It is *not* the doctors who are competent and honorable, and who devote their great ability to saving precious lives, of whom I speak. These men are the product of the age, and while conditions remain as they are, and sickness is universal, and disease rampant, and new microbes are born every day, what is there to do but *make the best of things*, keep our family doctors, and make things just as pleasant as we can for them! Many of them are up late and early, great unselfish souls, doing the best they can; most of them sick themselves from *worry* and *overwork*, and from *mental weariness*, *guessing* what is the *matter* with their *patients*. But these men of sincere, clean lives, who come into the sick room with a smile, and with hope beaming on their faces, who give little medicine and much good advice, and tell you you are "going to get well"—these men of moderate bills, and patient waiting for their fees, and *real anxiety* to have you cured as *quickly as possible*, who could have any but loving words and testimony for them?

It is the "*quack*," the *fiend* who fills the newspapers with his seductive *lying* advertisements, the specialist who plays upon the ignorance and credulity of the *young*, the incompetent *experimenter*, the "licensed murderer," who are the greatest menace of the century. Everywhere they flourish, living on the fears, the anguish, the sorrows of the world. Will you not *yourself* acknowledge they are *unnecessary*, and that *right living* would soon put them *all* out of business?

"And if your theory were adopted, what about the druggists?" Well, *what* about them? Wouldn't you like to see them selling pure honey, and fruit juices, and *necessaries*, and every *black bottle* on the shelves with their *dead names* and *deader contents* thrown into the sea? There were no drugs four thousand years ago, and folks lived to a good old age according to the records. There

were no vaccinations nor vivisections in those days. Operations for appendicitis were not *fashionable*. Now, every man or woman with a pain below the belt has to have an operation. It's "the thing." You can hardly hold up your head in *society* now unless your *vermiform appendix* has been removed. What is the *appendix* there for anyway? Don't you suppose God knew what He was doing when He fashioned this body "like unto His own glorious body?" You *live right*, and there will be no "operations!"

"*And the dentists?*" Well, what would you want of dentists if your *teeth* were sound? If you had always eaten the *right food* not one of them would have *decayed*. Do you think Adam and Eve had any trouble with their teeth? They certainly knew enough to *live on fruit* and they have a few relatives left, and the number is increasing every day. Of course, the dentists that are here *will have to stay*. *Your teeth* are a disgrace to you. But it isn't *your fault*. *You didn't know*. However, you can teach your *children* and they can teach *their children*, and there won't be any dentists needed in 1950—and it's your fault if you are not *here* to rejoice with *that* generation in its emancipation. Meantime, if you live right, you can save the teeth you have; and you can teach the *young* to begin right, and eat right, and carry their molars with them to the end.

"Well, there is not much left for the butchers to do if your vegetarian theories prevail." Right you are! The butchers will have to go *sooner or later*; probably *later*,—for it will be a long, long time before you can make the world see the wisdom of dispensing with its pet steaks and chops. The death warrants are signed a long ways ahead for all the cows and sheep and hogs that are alive *now*, and that will be *born* during the next fifty years. It is a case of "get the habit" in earnest. Children are

born with a desire for meat in their being. How can it be otherwise? Parents are filled to the brim with the love of it, and with love for all the *excesses* which its use engenders! *Without* it human passions are subdued and under reasonable mastery, tempers are controlled, and mental equilibrium preserved. Its use makes drudges of our women, contaminates the air with its vile odors, hinders the digestive processes, clogs the system with refuse, poisons the blood, inflames the lowest desires, makes dreamless sleep impossible. And if health and strength and mental power can be as well maintained without as with its use, *what excuse is there* for the killing of innocent beasts and birds to satisfy an unnatural craving, a depraved appetite, a sensuous and sensual nature?

“What is to become of the tobacco stores?” One thing is sure—*right living* takes away the love for the vile weed, and the only good excuse for the use of it I ever heard was the “quieting of the nerves,” a *result* requiring a great *stretch* of the imagination. Of all useless, foolish, childish habits, the use of tobacco seems to me the least excusable. Not one redeeming feature about it! No one ever had the *nerve* to claim any *real* benefit from using it! No *honest physician* ever *advised* it. No breath was ever made sweeter, no-body purer, or more attractive through its influence. It is simply fashion, self-gratification, or the desire to be sociable that causes you to continue it. *Otherwise* you are its *slave*! You did not *like* it when you began. Your *stomach* rebelled. You are full of nicotine poisoning *now*. You are threatened with “the *tobacco heart*.” If you have adopted the vile habit of *chewing* it, your *whole body* is a poison receptacle, your *liver* is on strike, your breath is *vile*. In Heaven’s name, why don’t you give it up? True scientific living will help you. *No wonder* you

ask "What will become of the tobacco stores?" Without *you* and others *like you* they never would exist at all. Why should they? Cannot the money you throw away yearly on tobacco find a better channel?

"But the saloons, those brilliantly lighted and beautifully decorated palaces on every corner, ablaze with electricity long after every *respectable* business house is closed? Surely your theory would close all these great 'industries,' and shroud our cities in *gloom*." *Yes, I admit it.* True scientific living would *not* add to the *prosperity* of the saloon-keeper. In fact, if you and I and everybody *lived right*, there would be no place for a saloon in *all the land*, and the era of *crime* would soon *end forever*. There *never was* an *excuse* for their existence. Nothing but misery, blasted hopes and ambitions and health, depleted pocket-books, and broken hearts compose the monument the world has erected to the glory and memory of the saloon. Look not for *gloom* though, when the day dawns upon their *final overthrow*. That will be one of the *brightest days* in all the ages, and it will *come*. May we live to see it! Did you ever know a vegetarian who was a drunkard? Do you know that meat-eating is the creator of unnatural thirst, and that every man who is intemperate in the use of intoxicating liquors, is also a hearty eater of animal food? It is an invariable rule. The world would be infinitely better if *every saloon* in existence were *blotted out*. If *you* will live right, there will be *one less* subscriber at any rate to the fund that keeps the saloon-keeper and his family in *luxury*, while you and those you love have to be "satisfied with the *husks* which fall from the rich man's table."

"Well, it seems if all things improve as you would have them, there wouldn't be much use for life insurance companies." That's so, unless it be those who do

business on the endowment plan. The old form of policy payable at *death* would be very unpopular. In fact *no one* would want it at any price, and everybody could become insured on the endowment plan, because everybody would be *healthy* and the doctors would *have* to pass them. No young man can form a more profitable habit for saving money, and thereby learning methods of economy that will steady and preserve him through all the character formative years of his early manhood.

“Well, there’s one more industry you would disturb, and I think everybody will be glad of it. If there is anybody I would like to see put down and out, it is the undertaker.” Yes, true scientific living *would* certainly make it *dull* for him. Ultimately it would, virtually, “*put him out of business.*” Nobody loves him now ! He profits by human sorrow, grows cold and heartless by familiarity with death, and the less one sees of him the better. If we could have *our way* never again would he cross the threshold of our homes. But we can do much to postpone the hour of his visitation. “If by reason of strength there be four-score years,” or five-score years, or *more*, as there *should* be, his coming will have lost its importance to us ; for with duty done, and life’s work well accomplished, we will await the summons to rest and life eternal with fearless eyes and heart.

And now it is time to say, “Goodnight, goodnight,” ’till we meet in the morning.”

I have tried to tell my story so that *everybody* could *understand* it, and above all to tell it so that *you* might realise its *truth*, and find some benefit in it for *yourself* if *you* need health, or for your *friends* who are *sick* if *you* are *well*. I have tried to solve for you the value and the philosophy of fasting, so that *you* could enjoy its *benefit* and safely *test* it if *you will*. There is nothing for you to *lose*, and if you need health, there is *everything* for you

to *gain* by traveling the path which I have journeyed o'er with safety. It is a "narrow way;" it involves *self-denial*, *persistence of purpose*, *will power* strong enough to resist the importunings of friends, and *bravery* that faces possible disaster and *even death itself*; but it is "the path that leadeth unto life," and *life eternal*!

Yours Sincerely,
J. Austin Shaw

APPENDIX.

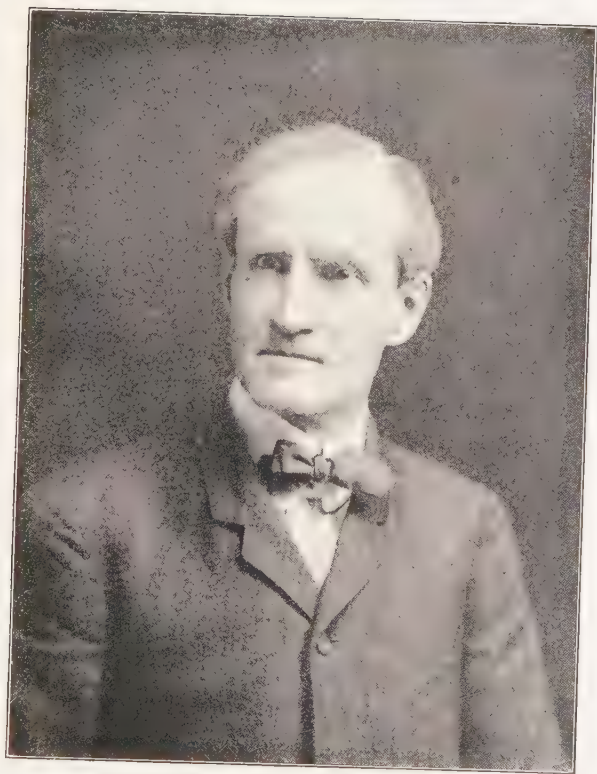
Introduction to Mr. Haskell's Letters.

It cannot but prove interesting and helpful to you to read the letters written by Mr. Haskell almost daily, after my fast had gone beyond twenty days.

To his advice, and its inspiration, I attribute largely my success.

If you find it best at any time, in your own behalf, to test the healthful value of a long fast, the daily reading of these letters will encourage and strengthen you beyond any other influence; other than the conscious realization of power born of your own experience. In the hope that they may be of benefit to others as they were to me, Mr. Haskell has consented to their publication.

Yours Sincerely,
J. Austin Shaw.
11



65 Years Young.

Yours for Humanity.
Charles Courtney Haskins.

In Perfect Health,

NORWICH, CONN., April 27, 1905.

MR. J. AUSTIN SHAW,

1310 49th St.,

BOROUGH PARK, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am just in receipt of yours of yesterday and it is indeed very interesting to me. I think I told you when you fasted before that when you fasted again you could go for a longer time because there would be less fear in your subconscious mind. I have said this to many persons when fasting. When the subconscious understands that there is no danger in fasting, then one has no fear, and the fast always does him good. Every such fast that you take gives you increased strength and power. By this you are getting control of all yourself and when you have the full command of yourself, then you can control all things.

Such a fast will be of great benefit to the world when it is made known to them, and with your ability to write the facts it will without doubt make a deep impression. With sincere Love, I am,

Yours for the salvation of our race from sin, disease and death, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Clarke,

NORWICH, CONN., April 28, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am just in receipt of your letter of yesterday. Surely you are doing splendidly. Keep on at any rate until you get your weight down to one hundred-and-eighty, and really it would be better for you to go down to one hundred and seventy-five. Keep LIFTED UP in your mind. Hold thoughts of strength and of power that you are a King, and have Dominion over all things that are in your Kingdom. I believe you are preparing for a great work, and when the preparation is complete, the work will be made known to you.

After the Civil War in this country when Andrew Johnson was President, succeeding Mr. Lincoln, there came a great breach between Congress and President Johnson, so that Congress took nearly all the power away from the President concerning his appointing officers, even to his Cabinet. The President wished to remove Edwin M. Stanton, who was then Secretary of War. Congress was in full sympathy with Stanton who had done glorious service for his country during the war, and Stanton held his office day and night not leaving it; for so long as he held his chair no one else could take his place. During this time Charles Sumner wrote a note as follows:

"HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,

"Secretary of War.

"SIR:—Stick.

"CHARLES SUMNER."

This is my message to you this morning. "Stick." You will surely be victorious over all opposition from within and without.

Very sincerely yours for the Freedom of our Race from sin, disease and death, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castles,

NORWICH, CONN., May 1, 1905.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your good letters of the 28th and 29th ult. and your postal of yesterday all received. You are indeed having a most blessed experience, one that you will never forget. You are realizing something of the power that came to Jesus during His fast of forty days, and as you go on in this fast every day your power will increase. The number forty is a very remarkable number. It means a perfect human experience.

I note what you say in regard to your heart and that your pulse is good and strong at sixty. You should forever dismiss from your mind that fasting will affect one's

heart unfavorably. I know this thought of weakness through fasting has been planted in the minds of the people, but it is a very great error. Instead of one's heart growing weaker by fasting, it will always increase in power, provided one does not allow fear in his mind to weaken his whole body, and then of course, his heart would be weakened with all the rest. You are making stronger, richer, and purer blood than you ever made before. That being the case your heart will increase in strength because it is better fed through the blood. Should one fast until the starvation point, which would be more than one hundred days, it would be found by an autopsy that the vital organs, the heart, the lungs, and the brain had not diminished a particle. All the rest of the body is drawn upon to make blood, and supply those vital organs. The fat will go first, and then muscles, etc., and those vital organs will never diminish in strength or in size through fasting. I hope I have said enough on this point to impress you so that you will dismiss not only from your conscious mind, but from your subconscious, any fear whatever concerning the heart being weakened. It is not possible to weaken it by fasting, and it will while fasting only *be weakened* by fear in the mind.

I should be very glad indeed if I could be with you occasionally and *help* you *while* you are having this splendid experience.

I have not the least doubt that if it was made clear to your mind that it would be a wise thing for you to fast for one hundred days, you could do so with perfect safety, but it would all depend upon the condition of your mind. As long as you are feeling as you do now, or when you wrote your last letter and your postal, I certainly advise you to continue the fast, and when you break the fast and begin to eat, I advise you to eat very small meals, taking small bits at a time, and masticating them very *thoroughly*, and I am confident that by simple eating in the future you will enjoy a great abundance of the fullness of life, and have greater success in everything that you undertake.

I would certainly continue the fast until I had taken off

that five pounds of surplus fat. Keep nothing that does not belong to you. "Thou shalt not steal," and if there is anything in you that belongs to the earth give it back, for you will be better and the earth will be richer.

As to the advice of those parties who know what the bad effects will be from the fast, they are simply "talking through their hats." They know not whereof they speak. It is simply guessing, and you can guess as well as they. I know that there are never any unfavorable effects from a fast, but always favorable, and you will know the same after you have had the experience that I have of nearly eleven years under "True Scientific Living."

You are now on your twenty-third day, and twenty-five days will soon have passed. We will then see how the Spirit moves within you.

I send you my strongest vibrations of pure love, and hearty congratulations on what you have already accomplished, and the strong desire that you may go on as long as you will receive benefit.

Yours for the salvation of our race from sin, disease and death, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Croker.

NORWICH, CONN., May 3, 1905.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have your splendid letter of yesterday enclosing your photograph taken on the sixteenth day of your fast. The picture looks much younger than the one you sent me Christmas, 1902. Certainly you do not look like a starved man, and no one would ever suspect from the picture that you had not taken any food for sixteen days. To-morrow will be your twenty-fifth day, and if you are so led by the Voice within to continue for thirty days do so, for you run no risk whatever. There is only one danger point in fasting, and provided there is no fear in the mind, that danger point is the skeleton condition

when the vital organs have drawn all the predigested food there is in the body for their support. Then there would be only skin and bones left of the physical man, together with the vital organs, which would not be depreciated an atom. That has been demonstrated over and over again.

I do not wish to encourage you to fast longer than it would be profitable for you, I only give to you the truth concerning the Law of Fasting, and then leave it to your good sense and wisdom, guided by the Divine within you as to how long to continue.

What a grand experience you have had and will have. It will mean great power to you in all your future life.

I rejoice that you have overcome all fear. That is a great victory, and there is no power from without that can hurt you so long as you keep your mind free from fear.

Of course as long as you keep up your weight there is no need of your eating, and until you get your weight down to the point that you desire, I should continue.

Your menu for eating after you break your fast is all right.

I shall continue to send to you through the universal ether my strongest vibrations for your increased vitality, strength and vigor, and that all Divine blessings may come upon you from above, as well as all good things unfold from within.

Very sincerely yours for the Highest and best and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Clarke.

NORWICH, CONN., May 8, 1905.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your postal of May 4th and your letter of the 5th and your postal of yesterday all at hand. I did not have the time to write you on Saturday so that you would not hear from me this morning, but I know that you are so strong in the faith that you will carry out your

plan according to the leading of the Divine Spirit to its perfect accomplishment. If you are led to go on beyond the thirty days, do so and realize that you are increasing your strength and enlarging your brain power, and therefore, will be better qualified to attract to yourself that which you desire.

You make a correct scientific statement when you say "There is *no excuse* for sickness." I have realized this fact for a long time, and I state very broadly and boldly that there is no one afflicted with disease in any form but may be made free from it through the knowledge of the true way of Life, if he puts it into practical application.

In regard to the drawn appearance in your face, keep your mind LIFTED UP, and that will disappear. It is probably the effect in your subconscious mind of the fear of your friends.

I am much interested in what you say concerning Brother Prophet. It is fear that makes him say that "one should go way back into the woods alone and should abstain from work while fasting." That is not the truth any further than it would be for one who was filled with fear.

I shall be very much interested to hear from you after you have completed the thirty days, to-morrow.

I send you the best wishes possible, and my strongest desire for you that you may have the highest and the best.

Very sincerely yours for the salvation of Man from sin, disease and death and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Washburn

NORWICH, CONN., May 9, 1905.

MY DEAR BROTHER SHAW:—I have your postal of yesterday and hasten to reply. By all means go on, as long as you feel well and strong as you report yourself on your thirtieth day. By going thirty-five or forty days you will increase your testimony and also increase your vital power

and energy of both body and mind. This fast means something glorious, not only for you but for all humanity, and with the increased power that you will have you will be able to accomplish great things. I say by all means *go on*.

With sincere Love, I am,

Yours for the salvation of our race from everything wrong, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castler.

NORWICH, CONN., May 10, 1905.

MY GOOD BROTHER SHAW:—I am just in receipt this morning of yours of yesterday, written at the completion of the thirtieth day of your fast.

You are in such good condition, the longer that you fast the greater will be the benefits you will receive and also your testimony to the world.

I shall be very glad to receive a photo taken on the thirtieth day. It is indeed marvelous how you have worked during this fast, but it only makes true what I have said that one can go on with his work, provided fear is eliminated from the mind, and especially if he practices deep breathing daily.

I will send you to-day a photo of myself. This may be an inspiration to you that will give you strength, and be the next best thing to seeing me face to face.

Thirty-five days will soon pass away, and then if all goes well strike for forty days, and you will have done what the whole world thought was a miracle when Jesus fasted for forty days. Of course that theory is now exploded, as so many have fasted that length of time and even longer. No one can take such a fast without receiving great power.

With sincere Love, I am, yours for all good things and for the salvation of the world and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castler.

P. S. I enclose copy of the article that I wrote for the Journal. Perhaps you have had this before. You will see by the facts stated in this article the remarkable power of fasting and its absolute freedom from any risk when a person understands the truth.

Charles Courtney Haskins,

NORWICH, CONN., May 11, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I am much pleased to receive your good letter of yesterday and to hear that you are in such good condition and working on and working out your salvation so splendidly. You say that your weight is decreasing, but do not say what you now weigh. I should like to know in your next letter how much you have reduced your weight. Of course, now it will reduce slowly. You will throw off only that which ought to be in the earth instead of in your body. I have all confidence in you and in your integrity.

My good friend Bradford Peck, President of the Co-operative Association of America, is visiting me and I have told him of your case, and he is deeply interested in it. He is one with us in the truth for life.

I know that if you follow the Laws of Life as they are found in "True Scientific Living" you must realize all that I have promised you.

Yesterday I received a letter from Dr. E. H. Hawks, Lynn, Mass. I think you will be interested in it, and I therefore copy it, in full. He is but one of many physicians who have come to me for help, and who have started in the true way of Life. How can a man give the knowledge of Life to others when he does not have it himself? It is an impossibility. It is only those who have passed through the experience and who know what life is, and what its possibilities are, who can speak of them with authority and power.

I send you my very best vibrations of love, strength, power and success.

Very sincerely yours, for the Freedom of Man from Disease, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Caskie.

NORWICH, CONN., May 12, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have yours of yesterday, and realize that you are having a most blessed time. You are having an experience that very few people have had, or will have. You are realizing the power that comes through fasting in giving a man control over himself, and all his functions, and organs and muscles. You know this is the height of the Christian grace "self-control," or, as it is called in the Bible, "Temperance," which means the same thing, and when one has full, complete and perfect control of himself, then he is in a position to control and command others, and that is the experience that you will come to have. You have great talents, great energy, great endurance, and that is to be turned into channels that shall be for your own good and the good of your fellowmen.

You are touching the fountain of eternal life and breathing and drinking from the depths of eternal youth. Opportunities such as you desire will be opened to you and you will be in a receptive condition to receive as they come.

With all good wishes for all good, I am, yours for the Freedom of Man from Dis-ease, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Caskie.

NORWICH, CONN., May 15, 1905.

DEAR BROTHER SHAW:—I was out of town all day Saturday, and so this morning I have your two favors of the

twelveth and thirteenth and your postal of the thirteenth. I rather expected to have a word from you this morning written on the thirty-fifth day of your fast.

I am very glad indeed of what you write concerning Molly Fancher. I had heard much of her through my friend, Dr. Westbrook of Philadelphia, who is a friend of hers, and who has employed her to do some very fine work. I had thought when I went to New York next time I would try and visit her, and shall endeavor to do so. She is certainly a very remarkable person, and she shows how little food one can subsist upon. If she could be in the open air where she could breathe in more of the tonic of life from the atmosphere, I think she would live all right without even the fruit-juice.

I note what you say concerning the doctor's report of your heart, etc. Now this is all moonshine. He does not know what he is talking about. If I had been in your place I would have nothing to do with doctors. You know yourself how you feel better than any doctor can tell you, and they only tend to put fear in your mind. I hope you will keep away entirely from doctors hereafter.

If you find your weight down to one hundred and seventy-five pounds on the fortieth day I would live in such a way as to keep it there. You ought not to weigh more than that, and you do not need to eat food to get fat. All you ought to do is to eat enough to give you the necessary nourishment.

The vibrations in your letter that come to me are very beautiful and inspiring, and I feel that this fast will be a benefit to me in what I shall be able to say to others concerning it as I have occasion to do.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a beautiful soul, but she is not consistent in all she says, if she does not believe in long fasts except in certain cases. Now, if a fast will help one to overcome serious disease, it certainly has great power, and such power as no drugs or doctor can have, and if it does that in overcoming disease there certainly is no objection to any man taking a fast at any time he chooses, provided his mind, as I have always stated to you, is free from fear.

I have a letter to-day from a lady in Lynn, stating that she was on the seventeenth day of a fast, and that she commenced immediately after reading "Perfect Health." She is in as bad condition almost as anyone I ever heard of, but I know that the fast will bring her out all right. She has no one to encourage her, and no one to go to, to talk with, and did not know any one in Lynn who knew anything about the Science, and so she wrote me. I have requested my friend, Bradford Peck, to go out and see her, and he will give her just the help that she needs aside from the letter that I have written her to-day.

With sincere Love, I am, yours for the Freedom of Man from Disease and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castles.

P. S. Since writing the above I have received your postal of Sunday evening, and I see that your friend, "the doctor" has put fear into your mind and made you believe that your heart is intermittent. It is a great pity that this should be done, and a lesson for you to keep away from doctors. They only inspire fear and not hope and life. I hope you have not eaten to-day, but shall await your letter to-morrow morning, giving me the facts.

Yours for all good,

Charles Courtney Castles.

NORWICH, CONN., May 16, 1905.

MY GOOD FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am this morning to receive your postal, informing me that you did not yield to the fear that was put into your mind. Why just think of it, if that delicate woman, Mollie Faucher, can keep alive all these years without any

solid food, why cannot any one fast for forty days without the least danger? Of course they can. It is only fear that weakens them. I saw at once when I received your postal yesterday that fear had gotten into your mind, and there was not the strong vibrations in your writing that there had been or that there is in this postal to-day. Certainly I have been helping you all the time, and you have received the very best that I could give.

Only two days between now and your fortieth day. Come up on the boat Thursday night, and be here on the fortieth day, and break your fast here. I should be delighted to have you do this.

With all good wishes for you and with sincere Love and the desire that you may have Omnipotent strength, I am, yours for the Freedom of Man from Dis-ease, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtneybasket,

NORWICH, CONN., May 17, 1905.

MY GOOD FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I am just in receipt of yours of yesterday, and I am greatly rejoiced because of the vibrations of strength and life that it contains. You have almighty power potentially within yourself, and you are going to manifest it in many ways as you go on. You do not dream of the great blessings that are ahead in store for you. Millions and billions of wealth that we have are not to be compared to the billion of the mineral kingdom that Mr. Rockefeller has. The highest and greatest wealth that one can have is in the Spiritual kingdom, the highest kingdom of all. Rockefeller's wealth is in the very lowest kingdom—the mineral. We who are in the Spiritual kingdom can attract to us all that we desire in the other kingdoms, for when man comes to himself and discovers and is conscious that he is a Spiritual being, he then has power over all the other kingdoms, and without any

spirit of selfishness, but the spirit of Love, he will draw unto himself all that he desires. This I think is what the expression means, "My own shall come to me."

I am very glad that you have reached the mark one hundred and seventy-five, and by Saturday you will go below that. What do you say to coming up Saturday on the boat, spend Sunday with me, and return Sunday night, if you must be in New York Monday morning? I should be very glad to have you do this if it seems best to you.

I can see how a lecture on your fast would interest an immense multitude, and be a very drawing lecture.

I am glad that you have made your decision to keep away from doctors and not allow them to come into your atmosphere. You know we have a Spiritual atmosphere when we are in the Spirit and the Spirit is in us, and no one can break through that atmosphere unless we permit him to do so, and to allow one of a lower vibration to enter always produces weakness. Keep clear of all such.

There is much in the atmosphere from all quarters showing the great interest that people are having in the truth, and that interest will increase constantly.

I have not very much interest in Spiritualism. They are seeking among the dead. I am among the living. "Why seek ye the living among the dead." Of course there is very much that is wonderful in the Spiritualistic manifestations, but there is something better and higher for those who are conscious of the true Christ life, and who desire to be constantly enlarged by the truth.

I have a line from Elizabeth Towne, in which she says: "Am giving Mr. Shaw a little notice in the 'Nautilus' for June. He is quite a wonder."

I do think that your fast is really the most remarkable one on record, because of the immense amount of work that you have done continuously every day since you begun, and especially in such an atmosphere and with such environment as you have. I am sending you constantly my strongest vibrations of strength, Love and Life, and I know they reach you and do you good.

With all good wishes, I am yours for the Redemption of

of our race from sin, disease and death, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Washburn.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received your second letter of yesterday, and reply at once. Certainly with your wonderful ability to work, you need have no fear as to results.

I do not think that you will have any trouble in keeping your weight down to one hundred and seventy-five or one hundred and seventy, if that is your normal condition. It only requires correct living.

Yours for grand success,

Charles Courtney Washburn.

NORWICH, CONN., May 18, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am just in receipt of yours of yesterday and am very glad to know that you are still on the right road, and I know you will be until to-morrow. Then you will complete your fortieth day. Now if it seems best for you to go any longer, then you must decide it by the condition that you are in at the end of the forty days.

I note what you say concerning the little chill that you had yesterday morning. It is not at all surprising that you had it. You will find that lots of people were in the same condition on account of the very chilly atmosphere. I had to pull an extra blanket over myself in order to be as warm as I ought to be. You did just the right thing to get yourself warm as quickly as possible, the same as any one does when he goes out in the winter and his hands get cold, the thing to do is to get them warm in any way possible.

In regard to your coming up here, I am inclined to think that you had better postpone it until sometime next week. You want all the comforts of home while you are fasting,

and I think it would be better for you to come after you have broken your fast. I shall be very glad indeed to see you when you do come.

I know that the vibrations that I have sent to you have done you good. It could not be otherwise. The Law of vibration is wonderfully exemplified in wireless telegraphy, and if thoughts can be sent in that way without wires, I see no reason why one who understands the law cannot send direct, even without a transmitter or a receiver. I know it is true, because I have tested it very thoroughly.

I can have nothing to do with anything that savors of superstition. I am entirely free from it myself, and I want to see everyone else free. Faith is clear, strong, decisive, and is the substance of things hoped for, and faith leads to knowledge; knowledge to power; power to freedom, and Freedom is the goal.

You need have no fear about your digestive apparatus doing its work beautifully when you begin to eat. You will not be inclined to crowd, to hurry, or to give it an extra load, but it will do its work as you have never known it to do, and you will have an experience that will be most blessed. Not only will you realize during the next fifty years the benefits of this fast, but through all eternity it will be helpful to you. I rejoice in your grand success, in your strength and in your courage, and in everything that is positive and makes for good.

I know that everything will come out all right, and that you will rejoice greatly in all the future in consequence of your great success. With sincere Love, I am,

Yours for the Complete Salvation of all my fellowmen,
and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Cassell.

NORWICH, CONN., MAY 19, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER AND Co-WORKER:—I have just received your splendid, magnificent letter of yesterday,

also your postal. I send to you to-day my very heartiest congratulations on your completing forty days of your fast, and the most remarkable fast that has ever been taken because of your great activity and endurance, and your wonderful accomplishments. Nothing before like it has ever been done.

As to your going on longer, I think now you should live day by day, not fix any time. If you feel like going until to-morrow, and all is well, go on but do not set any time now in the future. One day at a time is all you need to give attention to.

It is indeed a glorious thing that you have done, and you do not now realize it, but in the future you will have such a realization of power as you do not now dream of.

I have a very nice letter from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in which she says, "I am perfectly well. I have no ailment when *I do not over-eat*. It was because I had discovered how simple a matter health is, if one eats simply and lightly that I asked for your book. I hope to extend the circulation of your book through my large circle of *over-fed* friends."

Again repeating my hearty congratulations, and with most sincere Love, I am, yours for the perfect salvation of humanity, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castler,

NORWICH, CONN., May 20, 1905.

MY DEAR BROTHER SHAW:—I have your *living* letter of yesterday with your postal, which speaks volumes. You have completed the full human experience in fasting, the same number of days that Jesus fasted in the wilderness, and after which He performed such wonderful works, also the same number that Elijah fasted when he attained the full height of Spiritual power which caused him to ascend rather than descend, when his time came to leave this earth.

I rejoice most heartily with you. It is indeed a *glorious victory*. Had you listened to the tempter you would have failed, but you put everything behind you and pressed forward to reach the goal, and you have reached it.

About going on farther, it is as I have already written you, let it be living day by day. I am convinced when you break your fast that if you eat just simply according to the needs of your body to keep it in perfect equilibrium and in Perfect Health that you will not increase an ounce of overweight, and you will have remarkable power.

With all good wishes, I am, yours for the complete redemption of humanity, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Cook.

P. S. In one of your letters you speak of interweaving some of my letters to you into your story, with my consent. Those letters to you were written in the rush of business without any thought that they were to see the eyes of any other person except yourself, and written only to be an inspiration to you to strengthen you against all evil outside forces. Of course, if there is anything in them that will benefit anybody except yourself, I am willing to have you use them in that way.

I am not sure but it might be a wise thing to have your story put into a book with an attractive, taking title, and illustrated and put on the market, instead of being put into any paper. Gotten up in the right way it might be that the American News Co. would handle it on all the trains of the country, and on the newstands, and then it could be sold through the trade and through agents, and on mail orders by circularizing. It seems to me that this suggestion comes to my mind from the Spirit. Some such title as "A Remarkable Story Giving the Cure for Obesity, and all other ailments, physical and mental, without drugs and without Expense." I do not say that this would be the

right title, but it gives you a suggestion of what my thought is. As it is your production, the Spirit would doubtless give you the right title.

2nd. P. S. Since writing the above I have received your postal of 10 P. M. last evening. Already I see the ways are beginning to open for you. The only thing for you to do is to step in when the pool is stirred by the Divine Spirit. Opportunities come to us and we must be watchful and enter the open door, and then we shall have the highest success.

The suggestion that I have made to you above may appeal to you. If it does, watch what the Spirit says to you.

Charles Courtney Caskey,

NORWICH, CONN., May 22, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just received yours of yesterday. Am delighted with what you write and with the photo. You do not look like a skeleton, but like a robust, strong man who can accomplish wonders. You are about completing your forty-fourth day, and if you go until to-morrow it will be forty-five, but be led by the Spirit within you to do that which is for the highest and best.

With all good wishes for you, I am, yours for the Complete Freedom of Man from all Dis-ease, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Caskey,

NORWICH, CONN., May 23, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am just in receipt of yours of yesterday, also your postal. Truly it is wonderful what strength you have maintained during this fast. I am impressed that you are now down to your normal weight,

and that being the case you should break your fast, if you have not already done so. There is nothing to be gained for the body when one has reduced the weight to the normal, and as your fast has been wholly for perfect unfoldment I feel that the time has come now that you should break it, and I expect you will do it to-day before you receive this letter, but I am moved to write in this way, and believe it to be of the Spirit. With every good wish for you that you may attain to the very highest that it is possible for man to reach, which is the Infinite, I am,

Yours for the Redemption of all mankind and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Cassell.

NORWICH, CONN., May 25, 1905,

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—Yours of the twenty-third and your two of the twenty-fourth are all in hand. I must certainly congratulate you on the successful outcome of this wonderful fast. One thing it shows you, that you have eaten very much in excess of your need. See how little you need to eat in order to keep yourself in equilibrium and at your normal weight. If it is but one ounce a day, then let it be that, and if it takes two ounces or more, let it be whatever you need. Every ounce of earth matter that you accumulate in your body detracts from your strength.

Your story will be a very interesting one, and will certainly do good. The only thing is for it to be told in such a way that the people will believe.

I have a second table of commandments:

1. Belief.
2. Faith.
3. Knowledge.
4. Power.
5. Freedom.

This second table is based on the Law of Thought, and like the first table these commandments are all written within man on his heart, according to God's word.

With all good wishes for you that you may have the highest and richest of Heavens blessings in all things, I am,

Yours for the freedom of Man from Dis-ease and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Cassell.

NORWICH, CONN., May 26, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am just in receipt of your postal of 5-25-5. I feel like saying as the Methodists do when anything makes them feel good, Glory Hallelujah! How different things would have been if the doctors could have had their way!

The meal that you ate was exceedingly small, but it was enough, and more would have been injurious. As I wrote you yesterday, eat just according to the demands of your body and mind, and you will be astonished to find how little you need. You will go by the Law of Hunger. If you do not have that manifestation only once in a day, or once in two days, follow it, and with very slow mastication you are going to have a wonderful career.

Yesterday I had two applications for help, one from Chicago and one from Boston. The one in Chicago was a very desperate case, and I think he will come on to see me. The one in Boston was equally desperate, and he had already finished a fast of thirty-five days. Having read my book, and been a wreck in health for many years, he decided to try the fasting cure, and the results are already remarkable, but he, like so many, is fearful that he may carry it too far, and yet is not hungry. He has taken off sixty-eight pounds and feels as spry and elastic as a boy. I have written him a strong letter to brace him up. He is a literary man like yourself.

Oh, how the world needs workers in this department, which is the most important department of all man's work!

You will have considerable additional matter for your book in giving an account of how little you need to keep yourself in true equilibrium and in Perfect Health.

I am very glad that you can sign as I do, "I am in Perfect Health." Never lower from that standard, but keep it to the very highest, and all will be well, and everything good, and pure, and perfect will come to you. With the very highest vibrations that I can send you, I am,

Yours for the Freedom of all humanity, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Cassell.

NORWICH, CONN., May 27, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have yours of the 26th inst.

It is not enough for one to eat pure food, or even to masticate it thoroughly and to eat it at the proper time, but it is also very essential that no more should be taken in than will maintain the equilibrium of the body and keep one in Perfect Health. Every ounce beyond that works injury to the Divine Temple.

I wondered why you took salt water enemas. Salt is irritating, and olive oil in the water would have been much better, or pure water alone. I would not under any circumstances use salt in an enema. It has no cleansing or healing power, and is always an irritant in the body, and that is one reason why it is not healthful to eat it in our food. It is also a preservative, and therefore hinders digestion. There are three preservatives that we should avoid in our eating—alcohol, vinegar, and salt. We put anything that we wish to preserve in one or the other of these things, and of course, there is the same power for preservation of the food in the state in which it goes into the stomach, when any of these three things are in the body. We want the

food to digest as rapidly as possible through the action of the gastric juice, and it cannot be done thoroughly and perfectly when any of these preservatives are mixed with the food.

I believe that you will make your story very interesting indeed, and that all who begin to read it will be sure to finish it.

With sincere regard, I am yours for the salvation of Humanity, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castler.

NORWICH, CONN., June 2, 1905.

MY GOOD FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I am in receipt of yours of the 31st ult., enclosing the article from the *World*. The article is a good one, and ought to help the sale of the book. I received a copy of the same article from a gentleman living in New York who is deeply interested in "True Scientific Living," and is working up a plan of selling an immense number of our books because of his faith in them.

I received both of yours on the 27th and 28th ult.

I do so rejoice that the doctors did not fool you and make you fearful, and see what a glorious result has come because you eliminated fear from your mind. You have found that what I said to you was the truth, and the truth has power, and all power is in life. There is no power in fear. It is the absence of power, and that brings death, for death is the absence of life.

There will be no question as to the opportunity that you will have for working for the redemption of humanity, and as this is an age of rapid work we may look for tremendous overturns in the line of redemption from sin, disease and death in the next few years.

When one desires to do good there is no question but the opportunity will come, for there is always a supply for the demand. I can speak with great authority in this matter

as I speak from personal experience. It is only necessary for us to have the willing mind and to step into the open door of opportunity when it comes to us, rejoicing greatly that we are being led by the Divine Spirit to walk in the truth, and to give out that which is given to us.

I do not believe in making any preparation to imitate meat in any respect. We want to cast out of our consciousness all thought of meat, and not try to imitate it. Why should we imitate the dead? Why not take in living food, and every thought connected with our food should be living? That leads to greater simplicity, and the ultimate freedom of woman from drudgery and useless bondage.

You ask if I do not use salt at all in my food. Before I got the light of Life I was a salt fiend almost. Could not get food salt enough for myself. Would always put on an extra quantity besides what was used in cooking, no matter how much might be used. Gradually that all went out through the light of truth and personal knowledge and experience. I got nothing from others on the subject. In our home cooking just as little salt is used as possible, so that all the members of the family may be made happy. You know we have to consider others as well as ourselves. and it will not do for us to be too severe in making these radical changes.

With all good wishes for you that you may reach the highest and best in all things, and with sincere Love, I am,
yours for the complete salvation of all humanity from sin,
disease and death, and in Perfect Health,

Charles Courtney Castner.

FROM THE "FAMILY DOCTOR."

NEW YORK, June 1, 1905.

I have been acquainted with Mr. J. Austin Shaw for many years and have been called to prescribe for several members of his family.

During these years I have had every opportunity to know Mr. Shaw personally and can vouch for his absolute sincerity and integrity. At the beginning of his long fast I examined his pulse and heart that I might reassure him as to his strength and healthful condition. I found the heart beat strong and steady, averaging sixty to the minute, and his general health normal. An excess of fat seemed to me to be the only serious condition that menaced him, for I realize as vividly as himself that perfect health is impossible where the heart and the lungs are crowded by an accumulation of fat, as is always the case when the weight is above normal condition.

From within a fraction of two hundred pounds on April 9th, the beginning of his fast, until May 24th, at its close, a few hours over forty-five days, he lost less than twenty-seven pounds in weight, and at no time during this long fast could I detect any evidence of serious weakness or diminution of strength. I saw him and examined his heart and pulse almost daily. In constant devotion to his occupation, tirelessness, and splendid physical condition at its close, I consider this the most remarkable fast ever made in this country.

(Signed) SIGMUND DEUTSCH, M. D.,
Office, 534 E. 87th St.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1905.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I have enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. J. Austin Shaw, who lately completed a fast of forty-five days and five hours, and am able to vouch for his strict integrity and for the genuineness of his experiment. I met Mr. Shaw many times during his

fast, and after its close. His achievement has been a remarkable one. Without a particle of solid food he seemed to maintain both health and strength throughout, and to be mentally alert, and enthusiastic and cheerful at all times. The daily decrease in weight was hardly perceptible, and his confidence in his ability to reach safely the end of his journey I have no doubt had much to do with its successful accomplishment. Mr. Shaw's appearance indicates the ambitions of youth. He says he intends to live to be a hundred, and in my opinion there is no reason why he should not do so.

Although not his medical adviser, at his request I examined his pulse on several occasions and always found it strong and steady, averaging sixty to the minute. I am quite certain that the story Mr. Shaw has to tell will be accurate and truthful, and that in telling it his greatest desire is to have it helpful to his fellow men.

(Signed) EDGAR C. BEALL, M. D.,
Office, 2658 Broadway.

From The Evening World of May 3, 1905,

FASTED AND WORKED FORTY-FIVE DAYS.

**At the End of that Time J. Austin Shaw Felt
Better than Ever—Attributes Good Results to
Absence of Fear.**

A remarkable forty-five days' fast, the first one on record where the person fasting carried on his business every day, has just been ended by J. Austin Shaw, of No. 1310 Forty-ninth street, Borough Park.

So unusual have been the "symptoms" of this fast that Mr. Shaw has been urged by physicians to publish his experiences in book form, as during the entire forty-five days the faster kept a complete running history of his case.

To-day Mr. Shaw looks like a man who had been enjoy-

ing his three square meals a day, and he says that never once during the fast did he suffer any physical discomfort.

"I began this fast forty-five days ago," said Mr. Shaw to an Evening World reporter, "with the intention of reducing my flesh, and also of improving my health. Strange as this may seem to some people, at the end of my forty-five days' fast I felt stronger and better than ever before in my life. During those forty-five days I never once tasted food, but took plenty of cold water and fresh air. The most important feature of my experience is that I eliminated fear. That is what brings about bad results in fasting. I could easily have fasted fifty days, but there was no occasion for it, as I had obtained the results I desired. I lost twenty-six and three-fourths pounds. When I began my fast my weight was one hundred and ninety-nine and three-fourths pounds, and at the close I tipped the scales at one hundred and seventy-three pounds.

"On the forty-fifth day I took a Turkish bath. This was to prove whether or not my heart had been affected by my long fasting. All during my fast I had a doctor take my pulse every day. It averaged sixty a minute -never went below sixty and never above eighty.

"My fast, I hold, is remarkable because I worked constantly during these forty-five days, twelve to eighteen hours daily.

"Some other people who have fasted have shown very bad results. They have become emaciated and have looked badly. Now not once during my fast would any one have known that I was going without food. I never eat meat, and I never take tea or coffee. In addition to this I do not drink with my meals. I believe that most people eat too much, and that an occasional fast does the system good.

"Nine-tenths of the strength I gained during my fast I attribute to the deep breathing of pure air and drinking pure water. The absence of fear, however, I believe kept me from feeling any discomfort or showing by my appearance the lack of food. I lost most in weight at first, the last days averaging only one-quarter of a pound.

"I do not believe that any one could fast for forty-five

days as I have done and come out of it in as good condition unless prepared. I had fasted before, otherwise the long fast might have been too much for me.

From the N. Y. Herald, Friday Morning, June 2, 1905.

AIR AND WATER FOOD FOR FORTY - FIVE DAYS.

**J. Austin Shaw, Apostle of Abstinence, Sets New
Record for Self-Starvation.**

WORKED HARD EACH DAY.

**Lost Only Twenty-Six Pounds, and Looks as if He
Had Been on a Vacation.**

IN TRAINING THREE YEARS.

**Has Lengthened Periods of Fasting Steadily Until
He Thinks Fifty Days Possible.**

That a man can work hard, sleep well, and be merry without anything to eat for forty-five days has been proved in a most extraordinary manner by J. Austin Shaw, of Borough Park, Brooklyn. From April 9 to May 24 Mr. Shaw looked not upon food that was cooked or uncooked, or if he did look upon it it was without any great temptation to eat it. This fast exceeds Dr. Tanner's famous fasts and many other self-starvation records.

In all that time Mr. Shaw worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and at the end of his forty-five days without food, instead of being weakened and emaciated was, if any-

thing, stronger and healthier than when he began to go without food. The explanation of this astonishing result lies largely in the fact that he had trained carefully and scientifically for three years in the seldom voluntarily practised art of fasting.

Three years ago Mr. Shaw weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. He was in fairly good health, although he suffered occasionally from rheumatism. A book on "Perfect Health," by C. C. Haskell, a gospel of abstinence in diet, made him a convert. It held that healthy old age depended solely on the knowledge of how to breathe, eat, drink, think, and sleep.

HAS FASTED AT INTERVALS.

Mr. Shaw immediately put the author's theories into practice. In the last three years he has fasted at intervals, each fast being a little longer than its predecessor, and he has lost sixty-two pounds in weight, and gained greatly in strength and health. He has become an enthusiastic apostle of starvation as a means to long life, and has a record of his experience, backed by photographs taken every few days during his last and longest fast.

Mr. Shaw was asked last night how he accounted for the fact that forty-five days on water had left him sound and strong, while professional fasters were generally fearfully emaciated.

"Fresh air is the secret," he said. "You may say I lived during the last six weeks on air. I gave up coffee and meat and breakfast three years ago. I never take anything but a glass of water before noon. I never drink with my meals.

"As to my fasts, I began with three days' abstinence at a time, with two weeks between fasts. Gradually I lengthened the time of going without food to ten days, until recently I found I could go forty-five days without eating without discomfort. I have no doubt I could have gone on for fifty days or more, but I thought it better not to make the test too hard.

HOPES TO LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

"I mean to live to be one hundred years old, and think I am on the right track. There is no reason we should not all live to be one hundred.

"The first two days of my fast were a little hard, but after that it was easy. I sometimes drank a little weak lemonade, and once in a week or so a glass of unfermented grape juice. The rest of my diet consists of water, both hot and cold.

"Temptations to break it? They did not amount to much. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to carve for my family when we had a particularly good Sunday dinner, but I did not really feel the need of food.

"This brings me to the most important point of all. I had absolute confidence in myself and knew I was not in any danger. A doctor examined me every day. My pulse was normal, at sixty, and never went above seventy-two when I sprinted for a train. Each day I received a letter of encouragement and advice from Haskell. My wife helped me, too, by her faith. The mind plays a big role in health fasting. Faith and fresh air are the two important elements.

COLD BATHS AND EXERCISE.

"I took my usual exercise and cold bath in the morning, and worked each day in the city from twelve to eighteen hours. My work keeps me out of doors much of the time."

Mr. Shaw intends to keep up his periodical fasting for the rest of his life, and to abjure meat at all times and any food before noon. He is connected with a weekly horticultural paper.

Mr. Shaw cautions those who would seek foodless health not to start in too ambitiously. Three days is about all the beginner can stand. He himself looks as fresh after his recent remarkable fast as if he had just returned from an ideal vacation. He lost twenty-six pounds, a little more than half a pound a day, and there is not a wrinkle to show it. He asserts that though he worked more than usual, he did not at any time feel the least fatigued. He does not use alcohol, nor tobacco.

*From The New York Evening Telegram, Friday Evening,
June 2, 1905.*

FASTED FORTY-FIVE DAYS; IS READY TO DO IT AGAIN.

Without food for a period of 1025 hours, J. Austin Shaw, a resident of Borough Park, Brooklyn, not only survives, but declares that his long abstinence has cured him of many ills.

Preparing by slow degrees for his fast, which had been suggested to him by a health treatise that he had read, written by C. C. Haskell, Mr. Shaw, on April 9, began to abstain from food, and throughout the ensuing forty-five days he abstained from eating food of any sort, cooked or uncooked.

As a result, he asserts, his health has become more and more perfect, and when seen at his home to-day by a reporter for the EVENING TELEGRAM, he looked like a man in normal physical condition. His eye is bright, his skin is ruddy, and his step is that of an athlete. His pulse, according to a record kept by his physician, remained at an average of sixty throughout the forty-five days.

When he entered upon his long period of fasting, Mr. Shaw weighed in at one hundred and ninety-nine and three-fourths pounds, while to-day he tips the scales at one hundred and seventy-three pounds. He abjures smoking and the drinking of alcoholic liquors, and hopes to become a centenarian.

When asked if he was by faith a Christian scientist, Mr. Shaw replied that he was not, but that he might properly be termed a "mental scientist."

From The N. Y. Evening Journal, Friday, June 2, 1904.

"I LIVED FORTY-FIVE DAYS ON AIR;" FASTER TELLS HOW HE DID IT.

J. Austin Shaw Explains His Wonderful Starvation Feat Taken for Health's Sake.

Strange Fasting Record of J. Austin Shaw.

Abstained from all kinds of food forty-five days.

Lived on fresh air and water during this period.

At the end of his self-starvation was healthier and stronger than before he began it.

Lost twenty-six and three-fourths pounds during his period of abstention; weighed one hundred and ninety-nine and three-fourths pounds when he began his fast.

Worked hard from twelve to eighteen hours daily.

Has eschewed coffee, meat, and breakfast for three years.

Says his method is the sure road to healthy old age.

J. Austin Shaw, of Borough Park, Brooklyn, an apostle of abstinence, has broken all records for self-starvation, having fasted for forty-five days without an ounce of solid food, cooked or uncooked, passing his lips. A remarkable fact is that during his long period of starvation he lessened his weight by only twenty-six pounds, losing about half a pound a day, although he worked from twelve to eighteen hours daily.

On the forty-fifth day of his fast there was not the least indication that Mr. Shaw's health had been impaired. The color of his face was a healthful red, and there were no wrinkles to indicate the twenty-six pound loss in weight.

Mr. Shaw sat with his family at dinner frequently during his fast. He carved, passed the dishes and had

every temptation possible, but never once did he swerve from his starvation resolve.

Mr. Shaw lays the success of his astonishing feat to careful and scientific training every day for the last three years.

HOW HE BEGAN FASTING.

At that time he was in fairly good health, though a sufferer from rheumatism. A book on "Perfect Health," by C. C. Haskell, an enthusiastic member of the starvation cult, made Mr. Shaw a convert. He read the book and put theory into practice. He fasted occasionally for short periods, each being longer than its predecessor.

"How do you account for the fact that you are sound and strong, Mr. Shaw," asked an Evening Journal reporter to-day, "when professional fasters have been fearfully emaciated by their fasting?"

"I LIVED ON FRESH AIR."

"Fresh air is the secret," he said. "You may say I almost lived during the last six weeks on air. I gave up coffee and breakfast and meat three years ago. I never take anything but a glass of water or hot lemonade before noon. I never drink with my meals.

"As to my fasts, I began with three days' abstinence at a time, with two weeks between fasts. Gradually I lengthened the time of going without food to ten days, until recently I found I could go forty-five days without eating without the least discomfort. I have no doubt I could have gone on for fifty days or more, but I thought it better not to make the test too hard.

"I mean to live to be one hundred years old, and think I am on the right track. There is no reason we should not all live to be one hundred.

"The first two days of my fast were a little hard, but after that it was easy. I sometimes drank a little weak lemonade, and once in a week or so a glass of unfermented grape juice. The rest of my diet consisted of water, both hot and cold.

"Temptations to break it? They did not amount to much. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to carve for

my family when we had a particularly good Sunday dinner, but I did not really feel the need of food.

“MY FAITH HELPED, TOO.”

“This brings me to the most important point of all. I had absolute confidence in myself and knew I was not in any danger. A doctor examined me every day. My pulse was normal, at sixty, and never went above eighty even when I sprinted for a train. Each day I received a letter of encouragement and advice from Mr. Haskell. My wife helped me, too, by her faith. The mind plays a big role in health-fasting. Faith and fresh air are the two important elements.

“I took my usual exercise and cold bath in the morning, and worked each day in the city from twelve to eighteen hours. My work keeps me out of doors much of the time.”

Mr. Shaw intends to keep up his periodical fasting for the rest of his life and to abjure meat at all times and any food before noon. He is connected with a weekly horticultural paper.

“BEGAN ON THREE-DAY FAST.”

Mr. Shaw cautions those who would seek foodless health not to start in too ambitiously. Three days is about all the beginner can stand. He himself looks as fresh after his recent remarkable fast as if he had just returned from an ideal vacation.

Less than three years ago I first began "True Scientific Living," and less than three months after I began I sent out the following letter to hundreds of my friends and acquaintances, many of whom adopted the advice here given, and are now enjoying perfect health:

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 14, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—If you know me at all, you know that I am *sincere*. I write to tell you of my improved health, and the way it has been accomplished, and with the hope that *my* experience may be of benefit to *you*. For years and up to three months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism and its companion misery, obesity. My lameness was evident to all, and my overabundance of fat a constant annoyance. All the attendant miseries of rheumatism and obesity were mine, and notwithstanding, as I thought, careful eating and drinking and no excesses of any kind, I continued to grow heavier and my lameness and suffering increased.

At last I have found a remedy—simple—inexpensive—natural—and immediately effective, which is to be had for the asking, "without money and without price,"—as "free as air," and *yours*, if you will have it. From a burden of nearly two hundred and forty pounds, I have reduced my weight below two hundred without using one drop of medicine of any kind and without any unreasonable self-denial, the rheumatism has completely vanished, my ability to work and to run has been restored, every vestige of pain and discomfort has been destroyed. *I am perfectly well.*

Every failing sense has been quickened, my memory has improved, my eye-sight is clearer, my will power strengthened; there is no reason why I should not live to be one hundred, and no reason why you should not, if you will.

Accidentally I heard of the book, "Perfect Health" by C. C. Haskell, of Norwich, Conn., and what its teaching had done for others, and as its value had been tested and recommended by one who *knew*, and one whom I knew to be *sincere*, I sent for it. No money value can ever reach, in my estimation, the intrinsic worth of its teachings, and no one living who follows its advice will fail of wonderful benefit. Send for it and read it. If it does not come up to *all* I have said for it, return it to me and I will refund the money it costs, for I personally *guarantee* its worth. If it *does* prove to *you* what I claim it has been to me, all I ask is that you spread this good news of *your own personal restoration to perfect health* amongst *your* friends and acquaintances, as *I* am now doing, to all who know me personally or by reputation.

As you know, I am Eastern Manager of the "Florists' Review" of Chicago, and have been in the wholesale and retail Floricultural and Nursery business for thirty years. My record is as public and open as is this statement I make concerning my health, and which I have tried to make as brief, clear, straightforward and helpful as possible in the hope that *you* may know for *yourself* that all I say is *true*.

I am,

Yours most sincerely,

(Signed)

J. AUSTIN SHAW.



75 Years Young.

Yours, in behalf of humanity
Henry S. Farner, M.D.

A SKETCH OF DR. TANNER'S LIFE.

During my fast a great many people made enquiries concerning Dr. Tanner, who in 1880 completed his wonderful fast of forty days in New York City. Everybody believed that he was dead. Naturally I became anxious to know what the results of his fasting had been, and whether or not he was still alive. I ascertained that he was a resident of Los Angeles, California, and at once wrote him. In return came a most interesting letter, with his photograph, which is here reproduced. He is now "seventy-five years young," and tells me he "expects to round out the century." His fasts of forty-two days in Minneapolis in 1877, and forty days in New York in 1880, did more to awaken public interest in the power of mind over matter and the possibility of eliminating disease by right eating and drinking, than any other influence in the world's history up to that time. The Doctor has practically maintained his theories ever since, and is still an earnest advocate of a frugal diet and of temperance in all things. His photo. indicates the ruggedness of his health and the strength of his character, and his record is that of a man whose most sincere aims and ambitions have been always earnest, disinterested, and devoted to the welfare of humanity.

CAPTAIN DIAMOND.

How to keep good health one hundred years, which this book claims to be possible, is demonstrated in the life of Goddard E. D. Diamond of San Francisco, who on the first day of May, 1905, was 109 years "young."

Few men in modern times have lived in three centuries, but before many centuries have passed this "miracle" will become so natural that it will be considered a disgrace not to round out at least one hundred years.

Captain Diamond was born in Plymouth, Mass., May 1st, 1796. In his autobiography, published in 1899, he graphically tells the story, "stranger than fiction," of the method of scientific living whereby he even now is able to *enjoy* his existence, with no thought of yielding to the last enemy until duty is done and the lesson for humanity in his wonderful record accomplished, so that the whole world may know the value of right living and its reward.

Captain Diamond looks like a well preserved man of eighty. Strange to say, he is still an "old bachelor," but this is not an argument against the "marriages made in heaven" that we read about and sometimes see. We look upon this wonder-



One Hundred and Nine Years Young, May 1st, 1905.

From Photograph taken October 1st, 1905.

Yours truly G. E. D. Diamond

ful man with reverence,—this brave, unique, marvelous man standing alone amid the centuries.

His eye is undimmed, his senses alert, his step elastic, his bearing erect and his shoulders square. He has been a great traveler, and with the exception of yellow fever and pneumonia many years ago, he has never been ill.

His height is five feet, six and one-half inches, and his weight now about one hundred and forty lbs. His appetite is good, his digestion excellent; his diet is plain. He has not tasted sweets, nor meat, for over fifty years; never used a stimulant of any kind, nor tobacco. Drinks no tea nor coffee, but hot water three times daily, and uses olive oil externally and internally in abundance.

His pulse is regular at seventy-six. Respiration eighteen and full; his face is unwrinkled, his hair gray and abundant. Chest thirty-six inches, with a two-inch expansion.

In short, he is a “remarkable preservation of tissue integrity and functional activity. Nothing suggests an approach of dissolution, and one can only speculate as to the probable future span of life.”

Dr. Wm. D. Evelyn of San Francisco, a graduate of Edinburgh University, and head physician of St. Luke's Hospital, California, is authority for the above facts, given after a very thorough examination of Captain Diamond.

The Captain's own story is very interesting, shows a remarkable memory of events, and is told with a minuteness of detail that is impressive and sincere.

He says he is as well as when in his thirties, forties and fifties; that not a pain disturbs his body, not a joint is ailing from rheumatic twinges, not a languid failing of the nervous system, not a sign of heavy hearing, not so much as a dimmed vision, and he "feels as if he could hold the handles of the prairie plough day in and day out, from the beginning to the end of the year."

He says, "My experience justifies the opinion that it is possible for man to live into the second century of this life and enjoy it all the way through with the bound of rising youth, retaining every faculty and enjoying every experience."

He thinks growing old gracefully does not compare with "growing old in the enjoyment of every faculty unimpaired."

His memory reaches back before the war of 1812, in which his father fought, and covers his travels up to the Civil War, at which time he was railroad building in St. Louis.

He cast his first vote for President Monroe in 1816, and knew President Grant personally. He voted for every candidate on the Democratic ticket up to the election of General Harrison in 1840, and for every Republican President since the election of Abraham Lincoln.

He was chief agent for the Government Transportation Department during the war of the Rebellion.

He went to San Francisco in 1877, being then over eighty years of age. For sixteen years he was engaged as engineer in some of the leading hotels of that city, and since 1893 he has been busily and successfully engaged in the selling of books, often walking ten to twenty-five miles daily.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Dec. 4, 1905.

Capt. Diamond, One Hundred and Nine years *young*, as I would like to be at Two Hundred and Nine years.

I have never enforced any excess of bad habits on myself except one, that was to eat flesh food through Dr. Warren of Boston, Mass. He tried to make me continue the use of flesh food, by saying that if I quit flesh that I would be a dead man in six months. I told him that I would quit it and him too. He tried hard to force me to continue it, but I quit the flesh food and the Doctor. I have never had any doctor or use for the flesh or drug food since, nor have I had any sickness for Eighty-six (86) years.

In my next book I will tell how to get well and how to keep well, and how to use the Sylmar Olive Oil.

Yours truly,

(Signed)

G. E. D. DIAMOND.

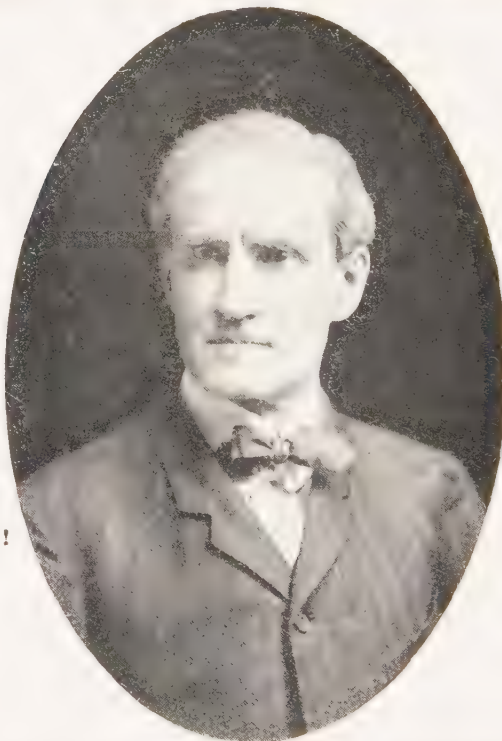
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Nora Springs, Iowa, Sept. 5, 1901.

Charles C. Haskell, My DEAR FRIEND: I feel it my duty to thank you for **saving my life**. Your instructions in "Perfect Health" will accomplish wonders. It is so strange that people will not grasp to regain health!

Sincerely yours, L. H. PIEHN, (Pres.)

Don't write unless you are in earnest. Ask about me of Hon. C. F. Thayer, Mayor, Norwich, Conn., F. S. Jerome, Pres. First National Bank, Norwich, Ct.

CHARLES COURTNEY HASKELL,

Dept. M, Norwich, Conn., U. S. A.

SUGGESTION

is a magazine of the New Psychology for thinkers. It stands for a rational system of living based on natural laws. Right living means right eating, right breathing, and right thinking. There are laws for the body and laws for the mind. This magazine believes that nature will cure every ill that is curable if she is given an opportunity; that drugs never cure and that their general use is not called for.

This magazine teaches that health, happiness and success are the portions of every person if the inherent powers of being are not hampered or diverted, or strangled. Nature designed every sentient being to enjoy a happy existence. The laws of this universe are adequate for all conditions and all emergencies, and if permitted to act naturally, universal peace, good will, prosperity and health would result.

SUGGESTION teaches that facts are the result of unyielding law; that supernormal agencies do not influence or determine any earthly event; that the human intellect and will is unassailable and unchained; that the power of thought is the most potent force; that creation today is a thought eternalized, and that thought rightly applied will solve any problem that now confronts the human mind.

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RATIONAL HYGIENE.

POWER OF THOUGHT.
MEMORY TRAINING.
FORMATION OF CHARACTER.
AUTO-SUGGESTION.
THE LAW OF SUGGESTION.
HEALTH.
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BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY.

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This is the way you get the book: All delinquent subscribers to this magazine will be sent a copy of "The Conquest of Poverty" by paying up all arrearages and paying one dollar in advance. All paid-up subscribers will be mailed a copy of the book by sending in one dollar to apply on another year's subscription. All new subscribers will be entitled to a copy of this book. The book will in all cases be mailed postpaid.

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For six years I have lived on a diet of Mascerated Wheat, Fruits and Nuts.

I am 56 years young, and during these six years of my experience as a Fruititarian I have not had one sick day—NOT AN ACHES OR PAIN.

My health is perfect—not for one minute have I suffered from even those most common of all complaints, headaches and bad colds.

My discovery of Mascerated Wheat meant the beginning of a new life—freedom from all aches, pains, and the life-shortening effects of cooked foods.

I told my friends about Mascerated Wheat. They began its use under my directions, and in every case results were equally satisfactory. These friends told their friends, and the demand for Mascerated Wheat was soon greater than the limited supply.

I disposed of my wholesale grain-shipping business, equipped a factory of my own and founded the business, which has grown to greater proportions with the ending of each day.

The reason for all this is **MASCERATED WHEAT**

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A natural uncooked food, ready to eat. Made from whole wheat blended with fruits and nuts

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Restoring normal health and normal weight. Testimonials without number to prove every claim made. Write for convincing proofs.

My patrons are legion. I ship Mascerated Wheat to all corners of the earth. Put up in 6 lb. double cloth sacks, enough for 30 days. Price expressage paid, \$1.00 east of Rocky Mountains, \$1.50 west. Orders for less than 2 sacks not accepted from points in Canada. To points in Old Mexico \$1.50 via parcels post. A practical system (menus, etc.) for living on uncooked foods accompanying each sack.

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